THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 2, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE FOURTH OF JULY NUMBER

Next time you unaccountably get "blue" don't lay it to Fate.

Put the blame where it belongs, on your stomach,—or rather on what you've been putting into it.

"FORCE" will give you a sunshiny digestion.

"FORCE" and "the blues" are mortal enemies.

Sunny Jim

The milling and malting and cooking and flaking of "FORCE" is a scientific process. It's easy enough to merely *mix* wheat and salt and barley-malt, but it's a hard thing to scientifically *combine* them into a perfect food—a food that's part way digested before you ask your stomach to take care of it.

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For Men & Women, $3.50

Crawford Customers for Life

WE could put second-grade materials in Crawford Shoes instead of the finest quality made.

We could use stock styles instead of employing expert fashion-makers of our own.

We could cut down the cost of making Crawford Shoes by employing cheaper workmen in our factories.

We could enlarge our profits 50 per cent., and use this profit in flooding the country with untruthful advertisements. Other makers have done this to their ultimate loss. Their customers do not come back a second time.

Crawford Shoe Wearers are Crawford Customers for life.

They know that every Crawford Advertisement is true to the Crawford System.

Ask them about Crawford Shoes. They know from actual trial that every single part of a Crawford Shoe is absolutely first quality.

We have no better advertisement than our steady customers.

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Model No. 868—Crawford Patent Kid, Lace Oxford, Military Heel, Flat Iron Extension, Flat Sole, Narrow Toe.

Model No. 839—Same in Russet Calf.

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THE TIN DISKERS

The Story of an American Invasion That All But Failed

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

THE doctor said I was all run down; that I needed change of air and amusement; that I had to go away somewhere at once. Mother had only been dead a few months, and as I was the only child, and had never been out of her sight during the whole nineteen years of my existence, her death seemed to bring the world crashing down about my head. I guess I had started in to die, too, just from mourning for her and eating my heart out in the big, empty house; and, of course, sitting in the dark evenings and crying with papa wasn't calculated to make things any better. The doctor said I was as bad for papa as papa was for me, and made a point of the need for separating us. This was how I came to be trotted off to Europe by my aunt, Theodosia McNutt, the saddest little tourist you ever set eyes on, and so thin that you could see through me.

I had plenty of girl friends who would have taken me instead, but I wasn't in the humor for laughter and gayety, and it seemed to me that a few months of placid sightseeing would accord better with my state of mind than dances, and tennis, and young men, and all that sort of thing. It was soothing to think of wandering from one Old World city to another, looking out at night on queer, crooked streets, and spending the daytime in cathedrals and ancient castles. I could just live in the past and dream, repeopling it all with troubadours, and corseleted soldiers, and high-born ladies in peaked head-dresses; and I only smiled when papa began to worry about my aunt and how I'd "get on" with her. I felt able to get on with anybody, for it is one of the qualities of a great sorrow to leave one oblivious to all the little cares and pin-pricks of ordinary existence. It was true I had never seen my aunt, and should, perhaps, have been less confident if I had; but I was crushed and spiritless; and besides, her letter of invitation had touched me, and had more than predisposed me to like her in advance.

She had been a tradition in the family for as long as I could remember. She was my mother's half-sister, a widow of well over fifty, and very comfortably off. Her eccentricities, her vitriolic tongue, her passion for mischief-making and interference in other people's affairs were made familiar to me by a hundred stories. In bygone days she had been a frequent and stormy visitor to the house, until the final disaster that had alienated her forever. This was the investment of $20,000, on my father's advice, in the shares of the Hercules Oil Company. When they had risen to about six times what she had paid for them, my father, feeling responsible for the safety of the money, and growing frightened at the decreasing production of the wells, insisted on her selling out. This she did docilely enough, but the wretched shares afterward went up to nearly twice as high again, and then her indignation was something awful. She couldn't get it out of her head but that she had been cheated outrageously, and cherished an undying grudge against my poor dad in consequence. She solemnly warned people against him, and it wasn't her fault that she didn't do him serious harm.

My mother's death brought about something of a reconciliation. At least, she wanted to see *me*, and offered to take me abroad for six months, declaring vaguely that for the sake of family peace she was willing to let bygones be bygones. Her invitation came at a very opportune time, and though my father objected like anything to my going with her, it seemed to me a very satisfactory solution of some of our difficulties. She made two characteristic stipulations—one that I was to pay half the expenses, the other that I was to bring no maid along. On these terms (the first in advance) I was called to her arms and asked to share her cabin on the Kaiser Wilhelm. We met in a New York hotel two days before we sailed, and in the intervals of shopping found a little time to make each other's acquaintance.

"YOU SHALL SMART FOR THIS TO-MORROW," HE SAID

At first sight Aunt Theo was much less formidable than I had been led to expect. She was a good deal like any other elderly lady; and, except for a touch of mannishness, wildish eyes, and an appearance of having slept in her clothes, she was undistinguishable from a hundred aunts I've known. She was certainly very kind to me; said some complimentary things about my looks, and treated me with a kind of stiff tenderness. She was not without humor, and laughed heartily at some of our little mishaps, and altogether made me feel that she had been misrepresented in the family annals. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a hawk nose that she carried high in the air, and she stepped out like a grenadier. I had to run to keep up with her, and people used to turn round on the street and smile.

I was not long in learning some of her peculiarities, one of which was to divide expenses with a Spartan rigor. In the street cars we each paid our own nickel; our first luncheon, which cost eighty-five cents, was promptly cut in two, and she insisted on tossing for the odd cent. Even a stamp I borrowed and took in all unconsciousness of obligation had to be settled for on the spot. She said she had always paid her way and expected others to pay theirs, and that she really couldn't go to sleep owing or owed! Another of her traits was the predatory use she made of an innocent-looking black bag which she carried everywhere. It was for the sustenance of Spinner, her maid, and I used to call it Spinner's bread-basket. At breakfast, luncheon or dinner, when the waiter's back was turned, my aunt would pop things off the table—rolls, radishes, fruit, a chop or two—into this handy and convenient article, continuing her conversation undisturbed while I waited in a tremble for her to be seized and handed over to the police. Spinner, in this way, lived upon the country and cost my aunt no more than her bare wages, acquiescing, with extraordinary submissiveness, to play Elijah while my aunt did raven. I could appreciate now why my aunt did not want me to bring a maid of my own, who might have instilled rebellion in Spinner's bosom and broken up this daring and thrifty custom. Poor Spinner was so well-trained that she did not run at the bag on our return, nor even affected the least interest in it, but would melt away with it when we were not looking, and reappear fed! The whole bag business had a wonderful fascination for me, and added an excitement to our meals that was at times breathless.

The truth was that my aunt was about as nearly crazy as a person can be and yet go about loose. On the steamer she developed fresh eccentricities, and exposed me to so much embarrassment and mortification that I regretted a thousand times ever coming with her. Amongst other things she was a spiritualist, and had the uncomfortable belief that she was attended everywhere by two dead pet dogs, Wolf and Spotty. She would often reprove me for sitting on my own deck-chair because Spotty was lying on it, and poor Spinner had to exercise these two phantoms daily up and down the deck. Spinner was a pale, dejected woman of forty, whom I think my aunt must have hypnotized into abject obedience, for she seemed to have no will of her own, and consented to a mode of life that would have maddened a negro slave. Aunt Theo had emphatic views on every subject and gave fierce expression to them, in season and out. She believed that the Americans were the Lost Tribes, and could prove it to you with her bonnet tilted over one eye and her voice rising to a scream. She knew the exact date of the end of the world, the undoubted perfidy of Bacon or Shakespeare (I can't remember which), and all the veiled secrets of the Great Pyramid. There wasn't a crotchet or a delusion she hadn't made her own; and she was no half-hearted enthusiast, timidly restrained by good taste from forcing her opinions on an unbelieving generation, but buttonholed it then and there, and let fly like a tornado. Yet, with all her crankiness, she had such streaks of good, hard sense, and was, besides, so clever and persuasive and entertaining, that she became a hot favorite on board the ship, and was always surrounded by a circle of delighted listeners. I suppose I should have adored her myself if I hadn't been her niece, being compelled, as I was, to receive a share of the dubious attention she excited.

I felt more like dying of shame, and every day of that trip was a long-drawn-out martyrdom. Columbus never wished for land more than I did, and the first thing I did on reaching Liverpool was to write a despairing letter to papa to come quick and save me. I should have cabled had I had the money to do so, but my aunt had seized my letter of credit and demanded an accounting for every penny she doled out to me.

But it was something to get off that awful steamer, and to feel that our European wanderings would prevent us being thrown again into such an intimacy with strangers. Moving about from one hotel to another wouldn't be so bad, and even if we made acquaintances we could shed them every day or two, and I should be safe from the full-fledged agonies of the Kaiser Wilhelm. I even chirped up a little at York, where we stayed overnight to see the Minster; and the first peep into a life so different and strange and old-fashioned, together with the thought that papa would soon hasten to my rescue, revived my courage and spirits. I could stand a few weeks of Europe on those terms, with London and Paris and all sorts of exciting places ahead of me, even if it did involve an insane aunt and two phantom dogs. So, determining to make the best of it, I wrote dad another urgent letter and meekly submitted to be tagged along. We took in Chester and then came on to London, arriving in the dusk of a foggy day and putting up at the station hotel. My aunt and I had finished dinner, and she was in the act of loading up Spinner's bread-basket, when the head waiter turned unexpectedly and detected her! She was as bold as brass, however, and instead of tipping him, as she ought to have done, proceeded to fight it out with a splendid appearance of justifiable indignation. But the head waiter, too, had a long suit of justifiable indignation, and there was a battle royal, ending in the restitution of one mutton chop, four hunks of bread, some celery and an oyster pâté! My aunt stalked out of the dining-room with the air of a person expecting to be shot from behind and yet who is too proud to hurry, I cowering at her heels, the pair of us followed by the surprised glances of the other diners. I never felt so small, or mean, or contemptible in my life, and my eyes were smarting with tears. Aunt Theo, however, took the disaster with heroic calm and manfully led the way out into the street, where, after a little looking, we bought Spinner a couple of ham sandwiches and a bun in a sort of thieves' kitchen, elbowing our way through rows of murderers eating tripe and onions. These—the sandwiches, I mean—were wrapped up for us in a newspaper—that fatal, fatal newspaper—and we returned to our rooms in the temper of foiled bandits.

I sat down and wrote another perfectly frantic letter to papa, while Spinner munched her sandwiches in a dark corner and my aunt glanced at the greasy pages of the paper they had been wrapped in. On my return from mailing my letter at the hotel office I was startled at the change in my aunt. She was walking up and down the room in great excitement, looking crazier than ever, with the paper clasped tight in her hands. My first thought was that we had been ordered out of the hotel, but she quickly undeceived me.

"Essy," she cried, "we've just come to London in the nick of time!"

I answered "Oh," rather wearily. I was tired and homesick and cold.

"In time for this tin disk thing," she went on. "It's a buried treasure affair, got up by this extraordinary paper, and if you find it there's a prize of a thousand pounds!"

She gazed at me so triumphantly that you might have thought it was lying on the table.

"All you have to do is to get the back numbers," she continued, "read Godfrey's Peril, and ferret out where it is!"

My stony indifference checked her enthusiasm, and her face darkened. "I never saw such a girl!" she exclaimed.

MY AUNT STALKED OUT OF THE DINING-ROOM WITH THE AIR OF A PERSON EXPECTING TO BE SHOT FROM BEHIND AND YET TOO PROUD TO HURRY

I might have retorted I had never seen such an aunt, but I was too much in her power to dare say it. Indeed, I was getting more and more afraid of her, and the hopelessness of my position weighed me down like lead. She was eying me so wrathfully that I tremblingly tried to put her in a better humor.

"It sounds delightful," I quavered.

"Isn't it!" she retorted gayly. "A whole thousand pounds just waiting for us to dig it up. We'll never have such a chance again in all our lives. I think it's the most amusing idea I ever heard of, and our finding the paper in the way we did was simply providential." She burst out laughing, and, coming over to me, genially pinched my cheek. "Cheer up, kitten," she said, "and help your silly old aunt find the tin disk!"

"Oh, but please, Aunt Theo," I said, "we didn't come to Europe to look for buried treasure."

"Well, *I* did," she exclaimed defiantly; "and to-morrow we shall all go down to Flooding and take hold!"

"But what about Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London, and St. Paul's, and Carlyle's house, and the National Gallery," I bleated.

"They'll keep," said my aunt; "they'll be here when you are ninety, and as good as ever, but this treasure business expires in eighteen days, and that's why we must jump in like lightning!"

"But if it's genuine there must be hundreds and hundreds looking for it themselves," I protested.

"Thousands," cried my aunt, as though pleased to find something we could agree on at last. "It says here the police courts are choked with people arrested for digging up back yards, and that the property-owners are forming associations and petitioning Parliament against it, and that it's convulsing all London from the slums to Belgrave Square!"

I only heard the one word "arrested," and it made my blood run cold. I didn't want to be arrested, or be connected with anybody that was.

"What do they do with them?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, they are only fined a guinea and lectured by the magistrate," said Aunt Theo cheerfully. "One man got nine days, but that was because he hit a policeman. The only risk is the notoriety and perhaps having one's name cabled to America—but I guess we can chance that all right. After all, even if we were caught we'd only be one of a crowd."

"Two, you mean," I added, correcting her ruefully. "Or three, with Spinner!" What if my poor father could have heard it all, and seen his miserable daughter being launched into a career of what was little less than crime. It was a shuddering prospect, and the fact of its taking place in a foreign country, and under the chieftaincy of a mad aunt, made me turn cold all the way down my back.

"You needn't look so scared about it," said Aunt Theo.

"But I am scared," I said, half crying, "horribly, dreadfully scared!"

"General Beauregard said your grandfather was the bravest man in the Confederate Army," remarked my aunt reproachfully.

"He wasn't looking for a tin disk after dark," I said. "He wasn't a nineteen-year-old girl with an unblemished reputation. He never did anything in his life to embroil him with the police. He was a soldier, fighting soldiers!"

"Look at Spinner, then," said she, implying the superior courage of that devoted handmaiden. But even as she did so an audible snuffle came from Spinner's corner, and it became evident she had two cowards on her hands.

"I'm ashamed of both of you," she cried scornfully, throwing out her chest and enjoying her own intrepidity. "What's a little danger that you should make such a fuss about it? Suppose we are arrested and fined and lectured—what's that compared to an hour with a dentist? Isn't it worth a thousand pounds? Think of walking into that office and slamming down your tin disk, and saying: 'Young man, bring on your prize!'"

"The whole thing's sure to be a fraud," I said.

This remark set my aunt's temper flaming. She had been holding herself in with obvious difficulty, but now she went off like a keg of powder.

"Fraud!" she screamed out; "why, the money's in the hands of trustees in a bank. The tin disk was buried by people of unimpeachable integrity, one of them a clergyman of the Church of England, and another a lord! Here, read it all for yourself," and with that she almost flung the paper in my face. I pacified her by pretending to obey, though all I could see through my tear-blinded eyes was a shiny, buttery surface lightly speckled with bits of ham.

"I see I was mistaken," I said.

"And I'm going to find it as sure as my name's Theodosia McNutt," she cried.

. . . . . .

By the next morning I hoped she had forgotten all about it. But I found her sitting up in bed, with the breakfast tray beside her, briskly dictating memoranda to Spinner in the intervals of reading Godfrey's Peril. Spinner had been sent out at six o'clock to buy the back numbers of the serial, together with a large scale map of London. My aunt wasted no more time on me than a snort of recognition and the curt remark I was to be ready to leave the hotel at ten; and this accomplished, she buried her hawk nose again in Godfrey's Peril and concentrated all her attention on the whereabouts of

BRISKLY DICTATING
MEMORANDA TO SPINNER
IN THE INTERVALS OF READING GODFREY'S PERIL

the tin disk. I slowly drank my coffee and gazed out on the gray roofs of London, with an occasional interruption of this kind, as Aunt Theo would raise her head and fix a wild eye on Spinner: "Page sixteen, second column, Mr. Pointer's hint to Lord Starlington," or, "Page nineteen, Wheelock furtively leaned over the corpse, and, with a demoniacal smile, whispered more to himself than to the inanimate clay the mysterious phrase——!"

My aunt never stopped her reading even while Spinner dressed her; and afterward, when we all got into a four-wheeled cab, she was as deep as ever in Godfrey's Peril. It was a long and melancholy ride, through miles of shabby streets that gradually took on a suburban character. I was to realize for the first time the vastness and the ugliness of London, as well as how much of it was modern. We hardly saw anything that was old, except a church or two, hemmed in by villas, and a few public-houses (as they called them), with signs like the Boar's Head and the Three Jolly Post Boys. We might have been in Chicago or Kansas City for the general dreariness and newness of everything, though I was pleased by the queer omnibuses and the red-coated soldiers with their jaunty little caps. Yes, a depressing ride, on a depressing errand, and I couldn't but contrast my dream of what I had meant to see and do with this preposterous chase after a tin disk! It was for this, then, that I had left my happy home, my dear, dear father, and had endured the fiendish ocean! I could have laughed at my own predicament, and my only consolation was the thought of those three imploring letters steaming westward. At least, I could tick off the days, knowing that dad would soon be with me.

After hours and hours the cabman drew up at a butcher's shop, and my aunt signaled for the proprietor to come out. It was only to ask him for the address of some lodgings in the neighborhood, and, when this had been obtained, we whipped up again and proceeded on our way. We stopped next at a poorish, decent-looking house, where my aunt engaged rooms for us. The landlady (such a Dickensy landlady!) was most obliging and civil, and, after all the arrangements had been settled—baths, lights, fires, fuel for cooking, and so on—(my aunt had been in England before and knew the ropes) she stopped us at the front door and said: "I won't hinsult you, mum, by asking if you are a Tin Disker—for if you be that hit's quite out of the question about the rooms!"

Aunt Theo blinked at this, and got out of it rather neatly by asking if she looked like a Tin Disker.

"Well, they come in hall shapes and guises," said the landlady bluntly. "They fairly hoverrun us till we can't call hour souls hour hown—'undreds and 'undreds of them in swarms! I 'ad as nice-appearing a young man has you'd like to see in the first-floor front, and the second-floor rear was let to a maiden lady with hiron corkscrew curls, and a perfect picter of respectability, yet hevery night they dug us hout of 'ouse and 'ome, and rampaged over the 'ole country scandalous! I want hit hunderstood I don't let no rooms to Tin Diskers!"

By this time Aunt Theo had got her nerve back, and put on such an appearance of elderly innocence that the landlady was buncoed into explaining all about Godfrey's Peril and the tin disk and the thousand pounds—as though the whole miserable thing was brand new to us, and we didn't have a copy of our own hidden under a shawl! Yes, a whole stack of Tickle-Bits (that was the name of the dreadful paper), which had only escaped notice by the merest accident, we never thinking that it might affect our welcome.

Lodgings are a queer English institution, where the people of the house serve your meals in a private sitting-room,

charging you for the food they buy and cook, and living, themselves, on the scraps. There is some kind of an understanding, of a traditionary origin, going back, I suppose, like everything in England, to William the Conqueror, as to the degree of pilfering that is legitimate—a ten per cent. rake-off for the house seems to be conceded, and there are some vague rules as to cold roasts and the duration of a pound of tea. It is a much cheaper system than hotels, and more private and comfortable, and the fact of being given a latchkey, and the liberty of coming and going without attracting attention, made it just the thing for Tin Diskers.

My aunt spent the rest of the day devouring Godfrey's Peril with the aid of a map, and dictating an endless string of notes to poor Spinner. I lay on the sofa and wished I was dead, listening to the tick of the clock on the mantelpiece and trying to calculate the date of my father's arrival. Late in the afternoon we all three sallied forth to prospect the country, exercise the phantom dogs, and buy two little spades and a dark-lantern. The man in the store spotted us at once, and was most friendly and sympathetic. All English people are who sell things. He had views of his own about the disk, which he threw in for nothing—I mean the views—and had treasure-seekers' outfits already made up, "plain sets" for five shillings, "fancy" for ten and sixpence, "extra special" for fifteen shillings, with a folding poke-rod that screwed together, and everything nickel-plated! He said he had been selling hundreds, and was very bitter about the police, whose interference he called a "houtrage."

"They are making a crime of what is nothing else than a pleasant little hevening relaxation," he observed; and added darkly that they might go too far and drive some of the Diskers to desperation. "I've sold pistols out of this shop and ball cartridge," he whispered, tingling with romance and indignation; "and we've just got in a nice little line of sword-canes for ladies—best French makes, warranted—at four and six, nine and six, fifteen and six, and a guinea!"

I was surprised that my aunt refrained from buying one, but she seemed satisfied to let matters rest with the extra special set, which was done up for us in a neat parcel. I was pleased to see that an active resistance was not to be part of her program.

"I leave fighting for the men," she said. "A woman's best defense is in her heels!" They were large, square, uncompromising heels, and I had a momentary vision of them galloping into space with stalwart minions of the law pounding after them. I did not include myself in the picture, for I was determined to stick at home and take no share in these nocturnal rambles. In this I had the acquiescence of my aunt, who did not seem to care particularly whether I went or stayed, and whose reference to the thousand pounds never included my participation. Spinner's share of the prize was expressly limited to twenty-five dollars, with the added handicap of having to pay her own fine if she were caught!

My courage began to give way, however, as the evening dragged on and we sat in our little sitting-room waiting for the rest of the house to go to sleep. I was afraid to stay and I was afraid to go, for it was terrifying to be left stark alone in a strange place, and, in comparison, there seemed almost a greater safety in accompanying my aunt. At midnight, as she and Spinner got ready, I was still miserably undecided, and only made up my mind at the last moment, as I saw them disappearing through the doorway. I ran down the stairs after them and we all went out of the house together, leaving the door ajar lest the click of the lock should betray us. Aunt Theo went first, as straight, stealthy and silent as an Indian, while Spinner and I straggled after her, with our hearts in our mouths.

We had an awful night. We climbed into people's gardens and measured off places with a tape-line, and, whenever we heard footsteps, we'd lie down full-length on the ground and try not to breathe; and, of course, we poked with the poke-rod, and dug, and dug, and dug, and brought up every kind of old thing except the disk. My aunt continually consulted a pocket-compass by the light of the nickel-plated lantern, and several times I had to hold it while she read extracts aloud from Godfrey's Peril. She consulted Spinner's notes, too, by the same uncertain light, and was as indefatigable and energetic as a professional burglar. After a while I got so sleepy I couldn't keep my eyes open, and I'd doze off and dream the most nightmarish dreams, waking up in terror for fear they had deserted me. I burned my fingers on the lantern, and lost one of the pieces of the poke-rod I was given to hold, and, altogether, brought down torrents of smothered indignation on my unfortunate head. One of the most eerie things of it all was that we were seldom alone, and there were always shadowy figures about us, digging, too, and also burning their fingers on their nickel-plated lanterns, and losing *their* poke-rods and tempers. Sometimes one of them would call out in a low, thrilling voice, "Kavy," and then we'd all fall flat while a policeman passed, or some drunken roysterers. But, except for this, nobody spoke a word—aunt said afterward it was Latin for look out—and it was like a crowd of ghosts trying to dig up their lost souls.

Then, when we were all tired out and ready to come home, we could not find our way properly and mistook the house. In the dark they all seemed just alike, as the streets did, too, and we walked, and walked, and walked, trying to fit our poor little key into all sorts of wrong front doors. It wasn't till day broke that we got on the right track, and then, as we tiptoed in, who should we meet at the head of the kitchen steps but the landlady herself! She made a few remarks, and at nine we left, seeking new lodgings a dozen blocks away. Here we had to tell a fresh batch of fibs about not being Diskers, and went straight to bed for the rest of the day.

But when night came my undaunted aunt was just as eager as ever, and we trailed out at midnight to repeat the previous experience. It was much the same, except that I took a shawl with me and slept more, and we got promptly expelled from the new lodgings next day. The following night was varied by a brush with the police, who gathered in three ghosts who were working near us and confiscated our whole nickel-plated apparatus. At least, we left it on the stricken field and never saw it again, fleeing into a graveyard and taking shelter behind a handy mausoleum. Here we made the acquaintance of a young man named Coffin—Zeph H. Coffin—a Connecticut dentist, who was also out for the disk,

(Continued on Page 21)

"HER INFINITE VARIETY"

A Naugatuck Club Story

By HAMBLEN SEARS

"GOOD gracious me!"

It was involuntary. She could not help it. There she stood, holding to the strap and gazing at the unoffending cash-box.

"What *shall* I do!"

"Can I help?" asked the only other occupant of the stage.

She turned.

"Oh, no, thank you. I——" Then she sat down and tried to compose herself.

The stage crawled slowly across Forty-second Street—as slowly as it usually does. The other occupant knew when enough had been said.

Suddenly the girl stood up again, and keeping her balance as best she could she peered through the glass front of the cash-box. There was no mistaking the real dismay and perplexity on her face.

Then she sat down in despair. Then she looked up. Then their eyes met.

"If I can help you——"

"I——"

"You can trust me—probably," and he smiled across at her.

She hesitated. He waited.

"You—you won't—nobody would believe me."

"I'll try," and he still smiled reassuringly. It was not difficult to be reassuring to such a big hat, and such a trim little gown, and such—well, such an admirable piece of work on the part of the Creator as to eyes and hair and troubled features.

"Why, I've just put a five-dollar gold piece in the box instead of a nickel—it's true, *really!*"

He laughed now.

"That needn't worry you. If you'll ride down to Washington Square——"

"But, you see, I can't!" and the becoming perplexity returned. "I've got to hurry to the Thirty-fourth Street ferry and catch a train going out on Long Island."

"That can be easily fixed," said he. She looked up at him with hope written all over her face.

"How?"

"Give the driver your address and he'll send it——"

Embarrassment now fought with the old perplexity.

"But I can't! I——"

"Certainly you can. These drivers are reliable. Wait, I'll——"

"Oh, please don't! You don't understand——" and now a dozen emotions were flying across the fair face.

"But——"

GAZING AT THE UNOFFENDING CASH-BOX

"I—I haven't any more money!" gasped the girl.

A pause.

"You don't believe it—I *know* you don't!"

"Of course I do. Wait! I'm thinking. Couldn't you——"

"I *must* go on that train!" There was a hint of tears. "I *must!*"

They were passing the Union League Club. He moved over to her side of the stage.

"Tell me all about it quick, and I'll help!"

Then she began, first haltingly, afterward with a rush of anxious words.

"I have just had a telegram that my friend is suddenly ill."

"Yes."

"And I stopped only an instant at Forty-fourth Street. Then I only had a five-dollar gold piece and a five-cent piece——"

"Go on."

"And—and—here's the five-cent piece!" Her face was so serious and yet so comical that he laughed again.

"But wait!" cried the girl. "I haven't got a ticket—and now——"

"Let me give you five dollars, and I'll go down to Washington Square and get the gold piece."

"Oh, no! I couldn't think of that. I——"

"Of course you can. Here, take it!" and he held out a bill.

"I wouldn't do that for worlds."

"Why not?"

"Why, suppose you didn't find——"

"But you say it's there. I think your word is good."

"Oh, no——"

"*What!*" laughing.

"I mean—something might happen." Then her face lighted up with hope. "If you would be willing to let me have a dollar I will return it to you."

"And shall I keep the five dollars?"

"You could send it to me—no, no, that's too much bother. I can write to the stage company."

"How silly! Listen, here is Thirty-fourth Street coming. Take it!"

"But, there's still five cents——"

"Well, good Heavens! Give me your five cents, then."

"You're very kind——"

"Here we are!" and he pulled the strap and stopped the stage. As he got out to help her he said:

"May I hope some day to see you, and hear——"

Up came the face again—a little severe, a little sorry, yet nice and friendly, too.

"Please don't spoil it."

"You are right. Good-by!"

"And you don't know how much indebted to you I am."

"Don't think of it again." And he got back into the stage and watched her board a car.

At the end of the line he went into the office, told his story, and waited for the agent to open the box.

The box contained nothing but five-cent pieces!

The agent and the benefactor looked at one another with expressions that can be better imagined than described.

"Some mistake, I guess," said the former, carefully gathering up the nickels.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" said the latter. "That is the neatest thing that was ever played on me!"

"It wasn't your money, then?" asked the agent with raised eyebrows.

"Mine? No—worse luck."

"What sort of a lookin' feller was he?"

"Fellow! It was a *woman!*"

The agent allowed himself the luxury of a smile.

"To think of it! Me—done by a pretty thief! And yet I'll swear she didn't look like one—but I apologize for the trouble I've given you." And he walked out. "Me! *Me!* Done by a pretty girl! I'm an ass with ears a mile long. It doesn't seem possible—here in my town—after all these years! And she was offended when I suggested that some time we might meet. I don't wonder! And I didn't know how much I was indebted to her! Fool—ass—idiot!"

At that moment over in Long Island City a young person opened her purse for the purpose of buying a ticket. Something dropped out. She picked it up and uttered a cry of amazement.

There she stood, while the color came and went on her face, gazing at a bright five-dollar gold piece that lay peacefully in her hand.

II

IT WAS nearly dinner-time out at Naugatuck when a hired trap stopped at the Braveurs' door. Out jumped a young woman who was met by a maid.

"What is it, Annette? Is she—is she *dead?*"

"Ah, no, mees. Madame was thrown out—the ponies they run away—and monsieur, who is away—Dieu, I am so frightened! I telegraph you——"

"Yes, yes, Annette. But is she badly hurt?"

"The doctor is there——" but the girl was half-way up the stairs.

She found him sitting by Mrs. Braveur's bed, and he held up a finger as she entered, pointing out into the hall.

"Oh, Doctor Blanchard, she isn't dead?" whispered the girl as he followed her out.

"Dead! What would I be doing here if she were dead?"

The girl gave a gasp of relief.

"No, she's all right, I think—pretty well shaken up, but nothing broken. Where's Jimmy Braveur?"

"He's in Washington. But, Doctor——"

"Well, he'd better come home. Be careful, though, what you telegraph him. Don't scare him." And he went back into the sick-room.

There was not a thought of anything but Lucy Braveur for a week. Then the atmosphere cleared. Her husband had come home, and Lucy was sitting up in a big chair with nothing worse than a few bruises and a sprained shoulder.

"Marjorie, dear, how Annette must have frightened you that day."

"Frightened! I nearly went crazy. I supposed, of course, you were dead—and then——" she hesitated.

"And what?"

"And I did a most awful thing." Then she told her story.

"Goodness, child! You don't even know the man's name."

"There isn't the slightest clew. I——"

"Was he good looking?"

"Lucy! what a question! I was so frightened and hurried that I don't believe I'd know him again if I saw him—and I hope I never shall."

"*What!*"

"I mean I should be too ashamed. Think of it! Think of what he must have said about me—what he must have *thought*—when he didn't find the money. I'm sick with worry over it all this week."

"We'll find him some way," said the invalid.

"I wish I'd never gone to town that day, anyway. I'd have escaped that telegram, and this awful mistake, and—and the heat."

"Let's see," said Mrs. Braveur meditating. "He was to go and get the money at the office in Washington Square?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the starting point."

"But suppose they don't know anything about him?"

"Well, that's the only thing I can think of. Jim can go and find out——"

"Not for worlds!" cried Marjorie.

"Why not?"

"Jim must never hear a word of this! Promise me never to tell him. I should die! Promise me, quick!"

"Of course, if you feel so. But he could help us."

"No, I'm going to do this myself."

And in a day or two she went into New York and presented herself at the office of the stage company.

The agent smiled at the story.

"I remember, miss. The gent was in, and—and, well, you see, we didn't find nothin'——"

"I know, I know," said she; "did he leave any word, or say anything?"

"Well, you see, miss, as there wa'n't nothin' there he kind o' felt—you see——"

"Yes, yes."

"Beggin' your pardon, miss, seems like he was a little mad, and he says—he——"

"Yes, what did he say?"

"He seemed to think that you—that is, the woman—I mean what he thought you was—you see—did him a pretty neat game——"

"Oh," cried Marjorie again. "Can't you help me to find him? I'll pay well if you will."

"I'd do it right away without no pay if I knew where to begin. But, you see, I never laid eyes on him before nor since."

And so there was nothing to do but go back to Naugatuck and ask for another clew from the amateur detective.

They discussed it all the afternoon and found no suggestion.

In the morning Marjorie, as she had for nearly a fortnight past, took the supervision of the household, reported the needs of the cook, and received orders that were repeated in the kitchen. Then she put on a big, white apron and took up the one morning occupation that Mrs. Braveur never missed—the dusting of the library and the drawing-room.

She had got as far as the library when some one drove up. Nobody answered the bell, and Marjorie turned into the hall and opened the door herself. Then she stood frozen to the doorknob. There, before her, stood the man of the Fifth Avenue stage.

III

HE STARTED to ask in the usual manner for Mrs. Braveur. His lips opened and then stayed open while their owner gazed at the apparition. She was on the point of crying out for joy, when she saw his glance at her apron and duster and the cold, cynical expression that appeared on his face.

"So, my good girl, this is a pretty small world, after all."

Marjorie turned suddenly pale and backed away from him as he entered with his eyes fixed on her.

"Did you find your friend very ill?" The blood rushed to the high-spirited girl's forehead. "It was a nice way to eke out your wages, wasn't it? And I was a country-looking chap to work on, wasn't I?" She started to answer, but anger choked her, and he did not give her an opportunity to speak. "Go and tell Mrs. Braveur that Mr. Morton is here, and then come back and give me a kiss for my four dollars and ninety-five cents."

"Oh!" cried the girl in a low, choked voice. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself——"

"Aren't *you?*"

"I!"

"Come, run along and do what I say. I'm ashamed of you—so pretty and so sly!"

Without a word, but with her head up, she marched up the stairs, found Annette, told her what to do, and went herself to her own room. The library must go undusted for that day.

WENT OUT INTO THE FLOWER GARDEN IN SEARCH OF FRESH AIR

At luncheon she sent word to Mrs. Braveur that she had a headache and would not come down. At dinner the headache was no better, but while the meal was in course she went into Morton's room and placed an envelope with four dollars and ninety-five cents in it on the bureau. Then she went back to her room and tried to gloat over the wretched man, though, if truth be told, she was getting tired of living in one room on a hot summer day.

Mrs. Braveur limped in after dinner and found her reading.

"It's better," answered Marjorie to her question.

"But why don't you go to bed? And you oughtn't to read, dear."

"I haven't any headache, Lucy."

"What is it, dear?" asked the other in a different tone.

"That—that man downstairs is the man in the stage."

"What, Peter Morton? You don't mean to say. Why didn't you explain it to him?"

"Because I don't choose to, Lucy!" with extreme hauteur.

"False pride, dear. He's as nice as he can be."

"He may be as nice as *he* can be, but——"

"What under the sun has happened?"

"He thinks I did it deliberately——"

"That's foolish. When did you see him?"

"When he arrived."

"What did he say?"

"He said—I won't tell you. Yes, I will. He took me for a maid."

"Marjorie!"

"Yes, he did. I was dusting the drawing-room. Oh, you can laugh all you like!"

Mrs. Braveur looked at her and continued to smile.

"From present signs I begin to pity him." And she went out still smiling.

And so morning came. And as the fair Marjorie, being distinctly a lively person and fond of plenty of out-of-doors, had gone to bed at eight the night before, she woke at six, dressed, and went out into the flower garden in search of fresh air before another day of prison.

The morning was perfect. The girl was very nearly perfect. The flowers only waited to be picked. It was the fact that Morton woke early, too, that caused all the trouble. Of course, he made for the little garden also, and then——

"You know if you weren't so pretty——"

"Sir!"

"I believe I'd have you arrested, you *did* me so completely."

Then the Spirit in her ladyship's sprightly make-up took a hand in the game. She looked down at the flowers she had picked, and said demurely:

"I've paid it back, sir."

"That saves me from ruin, not from mortification."

"I'm very sorry, sir. I hope you won't tell."

"I'm considering," and he looked steadily at her.

The Spirit became more courageous. Marjorie looked up.

"I'll never do it again, sir," she pleaded.

"What will you do for me if I promise not to tell?"

"Anything! Anything!"

"For four dollars and ninety-five cents?"

"It isn't that, sir. It's the disgrace."

"Why did you do it—er—Mary?"

"Maggie, sir," said she, looking down.

"Why did you do it, Maggie?"

"I—I'd spent all my money——"

"You're a clever one!" and still he looked at her.

"I had to get here on that train, sir."

Morton came a little nearer and noticed the bright morning sunlight in the brown hair.

"Did you actually need the money?"

"I did, really—sir," and she looked up at him suddenly with a most sincere and earnest gaze.

"Would you like it now?"

"Oh, no!" cried the girl, stepping back. "I——"

"Wait, Maggie—I don't know—you fooled me so well once—are you fooling me now?"

"Do I look like it?"

"That's the devil of it! You look perfectly beau—er—that is—perfectly honest. But——"

"I only want you to pardon me, sir," and this time the long lashes had to come down, or the Spirit would have leaped out of her eyes and discovered everything.

"I'll pardon you on one—no, two conditions."

"Thank you, sir."

"Wait till you see if you'll grant the conditions."

"It isn't for such as me, sir, to *grant* to you."

"Yes, it is. First," and he held up one finger, "first, that you'll take the four dollars and ninety-five cents——"

"Sir!" Her expression ought to have warned him.

"——as a present! As a present!"

"I don't need your money!"

"But you said you did."

"I said—I said——"

"Maggie, look at me! Look at me this minute!"

"I said I needed money."

"But not mine?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Whose, then?"

"That's none—that's——"

"None of my business?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't *dare* to say such a thing."

"You might think it, though."

"Can I help my thoughts, sir?"

"I believe, Maggie, that you're a very deep one."

"Oh, no, sir."

"Wait. And second," holding up two fingers, "second, that you will give me a——"

"Oh, aren't you ashamed of yourself!" cried the girl, looking at him with blazing eyes.

"Well, I——"

"Do you call yourself a gentleman and insult poor, helpless girls like this."

"Helpless girls! God save the mark! There's nothing helpless about what I know of you." The girl's throat swelled with anger. "Look here, Maggie, I can't fathom you—wait, I'm talking now—you worked a confidence game on me——"

"I did nothing of the kind! I——"

"——And I forgave you. And now I'll be switched if I'm not prepared to apologize for what I've just said."

A pause.

"Come, I'll apologize. Do you accept it?" Silence, and examination of the flowers in her hand. "Maggie, look straight at me and tell me you'll accept the apology."

"I—I must go in, sir."

"Not yet."

"But I must."

"Why?"

"Why, to—to get the breakfast."

"Not till you've looked at me——" But she ran by him and walked sedately into the house.

He followed, and entered the hall just as he heard Braveur's cheery voice cry:

"Hello, Marjorie. All right again?" And then he stood still, gazing at the girl. Her face was the color of the setting sun. "What's up?" cried Braveur. "Oh, good-morning, Peter. Here, have you met Miss Apthorp?—er—oh, I guess you have!"

Morton gathered himself together, and then said slowly:

"I've just had the pleasure of discovering Miss Apthorp for myself."

IV

"AREN'T you a little silly, dear?" asked Mrs. Braveur that evening.

"Silly! Why, that man isn't fit to ——"

"Marjorie, haven't you learned yet that men aren't saints?"

"There's no excuse for such——"

"You ought to be married."

"If marriage makes a girl accustomed to such behavior I shall never marry."

Lucy laughed.

"You'll be married before you know it. Come, hurry now and dress. We are going to drive over to the Wintons to dinner."

"Is *he* going?"

"Of course."

"Then I think I'll have another headache."

"Marjorie, behave yourself. Come, hurry along."

And so the young lady arrayed herself in her best and got up on the front seat with Braveur without so much as a glance at Morton. But she could not refuse to sit beside him at dinner. For a time she talked to the man on the other side, and then, a break coming in the conversation, she found herself turning toward him.

"Tell me about these people," said he in a matter-of-fact tone. "Who's the girl in pink over there?"

"Miss Turner," dryly.

"And the man next to her?"

"Mr. Langdon," icily.

"Do you stay here for the season?"

"No." Her replies were the pith of dryness.

Morton turned squarely and looked at her. Then his brows came together and the lines about his mouth tightened.

"Have you accepted my apology, Miss Apthorp?"

"I——"

"Because, if you haven't, it doesn't really matter."

She looked straight at him in amazement. This was a new attitude.

"It seems that you do not confine your rather extraordinary behavior to servants."

He hesitated an instant. The matter was getting serious for both of them.

"My manner doesn't change. It is the person to whom it is addressed who is kaleidoscopic."

"And yet kaleidoscopes and variety are often considered beautiful."

"So are some persons."

"Are you going to pay me compliments now?"

"I shouldn't dare to pay you anything more."

"You are unfair, Mr. Morton."

"If I could discover what you consider fair——"

"I only wanted to be treated as a respectable woman."

"What do you mean?"

"Within a few days you have treated me as a thief and as a—a——"

"And now," he interrupted suddenly, "you would like to be treated as an intelligent person?"

"That is all I ask."

"Listen, then. I offered a lady a little assistance in New York the other day——"

"I thought you considered her a——"

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?" HE ASKED AS SHE SAT BY THE ROADSIDE

"Would I have paid money willingly to a thief, Miss Apthorp?" She looked down at her plate. "The simple facts in the case ultimately gave me to understand that I had been deceived——"

"That sounds like a legal phrase. You ought to have known that I——"

"But I only knew that you *looked* like a lady."

"I am sorry that I was wanting——"

"It was the gold piece that was wanting." Another pause. "I did nothing. Why should I? How could I? But suddenly I came upon the same person in servant's costume, and no matter how attractive, how beautiful——"

"Do you think the adjectives necessary?"

"No, you are right; the fact is self-evident."

"Really, Mr. Morton, you are getting interesting, you are so rude."

"Then I discovered," he went on calmly, "that person in a maid's costume, and I took her at her costume, so to speak."

"Of course, any maid would steal?"

"That isn't the point."

"That was what you thought, however?"

"It—it—that is——"

"Costume makes the person?"

"To an idiot like myself, yes."

"I don't know you well enough to pass on your characterization of yourself, but——"

"So far as you've been able to see——"

"I wasn't going to say so."

"You thought it?"

"Hardly 'idiot.'"

"Say a stupid man who was just imbecile enough to be a good mark for a fair lady to poke fun at in her many disguises."

"I didn't make fun of you."

"You gave a wonderful imitation of it."

"Not at all, I only—I only——"

"Well?"

"I only got angry."

"Because I didn't know that *you* could never deceive a stranger, and that *you* could never be a servant?"

"Wouldn't any girl have been angry?"

"Couldn't any girl have settled the whole thing in two words?"

"But—er—I—you made me so angry——"

"That you decided to take it out of me? Come, tell the truth."

"You hurt me very much."

"I am sorry, really," and his manner changed at once.

"I wonder if you are?"

"Are you a little sorry, too?"

"Not a bit!"

"Then I'm not, either."

"*What!*"

"I'm going to be frank some more. I'm getting mad——" A small nose was slightly elevated on his left. "I tried my best to help that girl——"

"And she thanked you for it, and does still."

"Wait a moment. I thought, as any one would have thought, that I'd been deceived——"

"You know now that you weren't."

"It looked like it then. I found the person who I thought had deceived me, and I thought again she was a clever and dishonest servant——"

"But——"

"Don't interrupt, please. I know I should have known you both on the stage and with the duster, but I didn't—and there's the whole story. Now, you can make fun of me all you like. I'm not going to defend myself any more." And he calmly turned back to the girl on his right.

V

FOR a week the truce continued. The two were constantly together. She was polite, but not friendly. He was looking for any sign of weakening on her part, but was bound to keep to his view and make no advances toward a settlement.

Then Mrs. Braveur, who was as well as ever again, made up her mind that something was needed. She puzzled her brains in search of some means. Finally, one day, Miss Apthorp expressed a desire to ride. It was at the luncheon-table, and, without giving any one a chance, the hostess agreed that she must get on a horse, and asked Morton if he would act as her escort. Nobody could take any exception to this, and the girl herself could hardly decline.

Thus it came about that these two rode away together in the afternoon.

Nothing was said for a while, until Morton asked: "Miss Apthorp, don't you think you've punished me enough?"

"I? I shouldn't presume to 'punish you,' as you say."

"But you do. Here I am riding with you, and you might as well be clothed in mediæval armor with your visor down for all I see of your real self."

"I couldn't be more natural."

They were walking the horses through a wood road up in the hills.

"Then I'm going to ask you once more if you will be willing to forget my mistakes. I'm really sorry, no matter what I say to the contrary."

"Why, I've——"

"No, you haven't. You're just as unforgiving as ever. You——"

There was a sudden movement by the side of the path, and the girl's horse jumped across into the bushes on the other side. She kept her seat only by a narrow margin, and then had hard work to bring him back into the roadway. Morton was by her side in an instant.

"That was a vicious jump," said he anxiously. "I don't like his looks, anyway. He's in a bad temper."

The girl was startled, unquestionably, but she was not going to show it.

"I can control him, thank you, as I can others who are in a bad temper."

"I don't care an atom for your kindly references. That beast has got something the matter with him. Won't you—suppose we dismount and walk a little."

"Not by any means."

"He might easily get unmanageable, Miss Apthorp. He nearly threw you then."

"Do you think I'm so poor a horsewoman as that?"

"You are a beautiful horsewoman, but that animal is in a bad frame of mind."

(*Concluded on Page 44*)

THE BUNGALOW

A Little Story of Married Life

By EMERY POTTLE

"SAY, MISTER, DID YOU WANT TWO BICYCLES? WELL, THEM'S THEM. THEY AINT HORSES"

USUALLY I prefer to believe everything I'm told. It saves a great deal of trouble and mental fuss. And if a thing happens to be a lie—a nice, well-bred, amusing lie—why cavil at it? The chances are that the truth will generally spoil an evening and very likely mar an agreeable acquaintanceship. I remember sharing rooms with a chap for nearly a year—I'm still very fond of him—and, as I think of it now, I can't recall a single instance in which he spoke the simple truth to me. He was a charming person to have about.

"I stood on the Brooklyn Bridge this afternoon at five," he might say gossipily over our dinner, "watching the lights of the town and the crowds. There was a woman. She was heavily veiled. Something about her was very familiar, and, by Jove, old man, who do you think it proved to be?"

"Can't imagine."

"Why, Countess Poniatsky! Gad, knew her in Vienna. I'll have to tell you about that to-night—it was rather—piquant. She's here on a secret mission—Government, you know."

"No!"

"Yes! I'm going to get an appointment for her to meet the President."

He didn't know any countess—very few people ever do. He hadn't been in Vienna. And I can swear the only associations he had with the President were of that ephemeral character contingent on seeing his Excellency drive expansively by in a low-necked hack. Probably, too, he'd never in his life been on the Brooklyn Bridge at five—why should he be?

When he parted from me—owing to an occasion when the disagreeable truth *had* to be told to an unimaginative landlord—it caused me profound regret. I hope he's giving some one now as entertaining a time as he gave me. What a comrade he would have been in a debtors' prison!

I'm perfectly aware that this is not a moral attitude to assume. I never intended it to be so. When Anne sees it I shall have to argue with her over the matter; and I'll get worsted. Anne invariably wins out when it comes to a debate on virtuous practices—which is, after all, what one expects of wives. I wonder whether it is, on their part, an acquired marital habit or merely instinctive rectitude?

But I hate a lie that makes me uncomfortable, and I can never forgive the liar. Such persons ought not to be allowed at large in polite society. Now, there is Henderson——. I'm going to speak about him quite frankly. He's a dangerous fellow, and if you ever meet him and he tells you about his bungalow I advise you to look him straight in the eye and then laugh rudely in his face—a loud, contemptuous laugh. And you can mention my name in the matter if he says anything.

It all came of my credulity. I have to admit that. Though the occurrence has not destroyed my faith in my fellowmen, nor made me any less susceptible to the charm of polished prevarication, it has had, however, a strong influence on me. It has made me—as Appleby beautifully puts it—"leary" of all invitations of the drop-in-any-time class.

Up to the Henderson disaster it had been a source of spirited contention between Anne and me—the question of the value of the wireless—if you get my meaning—invitation. Since then I have never taken up the gauntlet with her.

"Let's go to call on the Smiths and take Sunday tea with them," I was wont to say, for example.

"My dear, they don't expect us—they haven't invited us," Anne would reply with refinement.

"Why, yes, they have. The last time they were here Mrs. Smith said—I heard her distinctly—'Drop in any time for Sunday-night tea; we're always home.' And you know they have awfully nice food."

"She didn't mean it. No one ever means such things."

"Of course she meant it. Anyway, she said it, and if she hadn't meant to say it she wouldn't have."

"I shouldn't think of going without a real invitation."

"My goodness, Anne, I'd hate to have your cold, emotionless soul. Why, the Smiths like us—Smith told me so—awfully enthusiastically—only the other night when——"

"Yes, I know," Anne would say with a very unpleasant air of social superiority. "I know. He *said* it. People say anything like that. But they don't inevitably expect you to come to their houses when they shake your hand hard and say: 'Our dinner is always at seven, don't forget; just come right along without bothering to send us word.' And—'There's our pew in church—no one ever sits in it, my dear. I *wish* you would be good enough to go and occupy it, *any time*.' And then if, in a weak moment, you *do* go to the Snooks' to their old seven-o'clock dinner—in your second-best afternoon dress because you're tired and you think the Snooksas won't know the difference, anyway—there they are, having a grand dinner party. Of course, you have to stay, feeling like a governess or a trained nurse, and Mrs. Snooks hates you for it. And it's the same way with the church pew. The one and only Sunday you pick out to go to that church the entire Snooks family comes in a body and glares at you because some of them have to spill over into other seats, even though you make yourself just as mean and small as a herring. Believe me, my dear, there's no fallacy in the world like this 'God-bless-you-come-any-time' business. I wouldn't act upon it any more than I'd ride on a merry-go-round because the man constantly yelled, 'Walk right in.'"

A LITTLE SHELF—THE PORCH—JUST LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD A ROCKER, A PAIL OF WATER AND A MAN IN A FIVE DAYS' RED BEARD AND A PINK-AND-GREEN OUTING-FLANNEL SHIRT

Here I would rise with dignity, tempered with irritation, and depart.

"I don't consider sitting in a church pew in the nature of a merry-go-round." And this I was forced to recognize as a weak retort.

I had known Henderson before I was married. He used every summer to go to *The Shore*—one doesn't, I observe, say seashore any more. The ocean is getting common and banal—and reference to it, like refined building plots, has to be restricted. But, as I was saying, he and his wife went down every season to their bungalow. I liked the idea of bungalow; it suggested verandas and iced drinks, low wicker chairs and white linen clothes (without a care for the laundry bill), pith helmets and poisonous snakes. And, after hearing his press-agent work on his summer home, I decided to drop in on him some time—unexpectedly; for the charm of his bungalow was, as I understood him, its unaffected manners and its simple, pot-luck customs. The truth of this, I found out later, was incontestable.

I used often to speak enthusiastically to Anne about Henderson and his bungalow. In time it grew to be a favorite topic of a late afternoon before the fire or for a loaf in the spring twilight. We loved the idea of that bungalow of his. Presently it took a definite shape in our minds—a long, low, reddish structure, comfortable, and of endless hospitality. The plans for our own future seemed, somehow, colored gently by Henderson's good fortune. It came to be our little dream to have a place—"Like your friend, Henderson's," Anne would say vividly.

"By Jove, Anne, we will. We'll save up for five or six years, and then—it can be easily arranged, I should think—we'll buy a lot near Henderson's and put up a bungalow, too."

And then we'd plan it all over again—our place—till it got too dark to see anything clearly save our summer home—in the bed of the coals, or in the vague tints of the evening sky.

"You've never seen his place?" Anne would say a little doubtfully, when it was all over.

"No-o-o, but he's *told* me all about it. He wants us to drop in on him some day."

"But——"

"Now, Anne! Henderson is a bit crude, but he's a good fellow; he's no Snooks. I'll tell you what! We'll go down there some time and surprise him."

"It would be fun if we were quite——"

"Why, we are quite—haven't I *told* you Henderson *wants* us to——"

"Yes, I know; it *would* be awfully jolly—if——"

"Oh, come now, you just trust me—*for once*, Anne."

Then we went to Boston to visit Anne's Aunt Caroline. I say *visit* because that is the popular term to use in such cases. We slept in her beds and ate her food; we drove her fat, white, imbecile, old mare, Isabel, returning home to brush hairs for hours from our clothes; we watched, with intense but trivial interest, Aunt Caroline put in and take out from her Boston-bag, which had two leather handles; we rode on trolleys of an afternoon, and tried on the way out to forget just which Newton it was we belonged in—on the way back we were put to it to remember; we went with resignation to hot, smelly halls where they told us patriotically blood-curdling stories of the Redcoats and showed us queer documents we couldn't read but which Aunt Caroline said, devoutly, George Washington had signed. We might have learned a lot about George Washington, except that Anne got very stuffy about the whole business and said she should scream if she saw any more watch-fobs, or armchairs, or elm trees, or andirons, or knee-breeches, or chapels, or Martha Custises, or cat-holes that George Washington ever had anything to do with. All of which was perfectly illogical—as I carefully pointed out to her.

"I'll bet you don't dare say that to your Aunt Caroline," said I.

And she didn't, either. We're both afraid of Anne's aunt.

All of these entertainments, excellent in themselves, are not my idea of visiting. Therefore I am going to begin again by saying that we went to experience Anne's Aunt Caroline.

We were sitting on our relative's porch—she had absented herself for a brief interval to look up time-cards for an excursion to some painfully historic place, which "really should prove of paramount interest to New Yorkers," she affirmed.

"Your Aunt Caroline," said I thoughtfully, "is a resourceful woman."

Anne was silent.

"She thinks of a great many things to do. I don't remember of doing so many things in a week ever."

Anne made no response.

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Re——"

I began absently to repeat, rapping my fingers agreeably on the arm of my chair to simulate the beat of horses' hoofs.

"If you go on with that old, historic thing——" burst out Anne.

"Not old historic. I believe historic old is considered better form," I put in mildly.

"——Old, historic thing I'll go into the house immediately. I'm nearly crazy now. I wish I were home—on the Bowery."

"Come on, let's walk down the street, where your Aunt Caroline can't hear us," said I hastily but understandingly.

"I simply *won't* go to-morrow to that place she's planning for," said Anne when we were out of earshot of the house. "I can't bear it."

"Well, I don't mind saying that——"

"Why, I thought you *liked* it?" said Anne plaintively.

"Oh, I might *like* it, but I don't *want* it."

Anne beamed. "If you *had*."

"Divorce?" said I, reaching her conclusion agilely.

"An historic one," she replied. "Now, what are we going to do?"

I thought for a moment deeply.

"I have it! Henderson's bungalow!"

"But how——"

"It's on the South Shore here, somewhere. About twenty miles down, he said. We'll go—we'll drop in on him. We'll go on *bicycles!*"

"I haven't been on a wheel for four years. I don't believe——"

"Oh, yes, you could! Any one can. Twenty miles isn't far. We'll start early and go slowly. And we can spend the night with Henderson."

"But, my dear, Henderson hasn't——"

"Remember your Aunt Caroline," said I solemnly.

"I'll go," said Anne with fervor.

I'd rather not go into the affair of breaking the plan to Aunt Caroline. From the outset she assumed a suspicion, a strained distrust, that upset both Anne and me. And it made no difference how fulsomely I praised her health biscuits (I ate a quart of them to palliate her).

She still withheld her eyeglasses from us. Anne, the coward, said her head ached and went to bed early, leaving me to face her aunt.

"The fact is, Aunt Caroline," said I desperately, "Anne has got a passion for historic places. She's heard of—of—a—an old ruin down below Boston—and—well, you know how it is with Anne—she's bound to explore it. She's afraid if we don't go to-morrow the first thing, why—it may rain, you know."

Anne's Aunt Caroline picked up the Transcript with a pitying glance for me.

"I was not aware of any newly-discovered historic ruin 'down below Boston,' as you put it. What a strangely unpleasant accent you New Yorkers have on such words as *first*," she remarked coldly.

"That's just what I told Anne—about the ruins, I mean. She's such a queer girl, though."

"Why not *girl* instead of *goil?*"

"Exactly—that's the second or third——"

"*Thoid?*"

"I give you my word that——"

"*Woid?*"

"I say—I think I'll go up to see if I can do anything for Anne."

I left her wrathfully. If I had stayed longer I'd have struck her. There's no person so irritating to deal with as the one who makes remarks about your accent—and that, too, after I'd pocketed my self-respect and learned to say *Baston* just because she was Anne's aunt.

"Thank goodness, to-morrow night we'll be in a better place than *Bawston*," said I crossly, as I was about to sleep. "Your Aunt Caroline is a disagreeable old piece of history. My, won't Henderson's bungalow seem good, though!"

Anne wiped away a tear and put aside Molly Bawn. She always carries a copy of the Duchess, to which she reverts obliviously in case of deepest despondency.

She gazed at me doubtfully. "You're sure——?"

"*Don't I know Henderson?*"

. . . . . .

The man led our bicycles around at eight, as we expected, for we had expressly stipulated that they should be in our hands, or, rather, that our hands should be on them, at seven.

"Are these kind, good-tempered bicycles?" asked Anne of the man earnestly.

Aunt Caroline sniffed—she had insisted on rising, ostensibly to see that our breakfast foods were properly prepared; really, she got up to sniff.

"How's that?" the man responded with some perplexity.

"She means are they sound in wind and limb, will they eat out of your hand, and are they used to the society of ladies?" I explained to him pleasantly.

"Say, mister, did you want two bicycles?" the man inquired forcibly.

"You have said it."

"Well, them's them. They ain't *horses*."

"No—I can see the distinction."

"That's all right then. I didn't know that mebbe you an' the lady had kinda got twisted on your animals."

Again Aunt Caroline sniffed. I leaned confidentially toward the man.

"Are they—them—*historic*, do you happen to know?" I asked anxiously.

He grew visibly embarrassed and red, edging away.

"Say, what is this kiddin' game, anyway?"

"Don't mistake me, my friend. I want to know just this: Did George Washington, or Paul Revere, or possibly Priscilla Alden, ever ride those—them—wheels?"

"H——, no!" He spoke even more profanely than that. As he hastened down the driveway I heard him talking queerly to himself.

"I guess it's all right," said I to Anne.

We parted gracefully, but unconvincingly, from Aunt Caroline. She was nasty about it until up to the very last, when she slightly relented and pursued us—causing us to dismount at great pains—with a package of health biscuit and a little book which told all about the historic points of interest in the country we were to visit. We thanked her profusely—and threw both away at the first corner.

WE SAT UNDER A DUSTY TREE AND SCRAPED OUR FOOD OFF OUR FINGERS OR SHOOK IT FROM THE LID OF THE BOX

Anne's idea of an outing costume is to wear all the old things she has kept years for just such emergencies. She says she enjoys it so much more if she can be sure she isn't going to spoil her clothes. I don't mind saying that on this occasion there seemed no possibility of seriously hurting any garment she had on.

"I'm so glad I brought this old short skirt and this brown Tam o'Shanter," she said joyously.

"Why?" said I.

"*Why?* So I can wear them."

"Oh! That's nothing to be glad about."

"I suppose you expected I'd wear my best white duck skirt, and my sailor hat, and my good shirt," she returned with spirit.

"Well—Henderson——"

"Oh, bother Henderson!"

"Very well, then," I responded with clemency. I had on my white knickerbockers which always make me feel like a prince I once saw in a nice play. I bought them for that reason.

The start—after we had practiced a bit on the wheels and had found out a great many things that we didn't at all like about them—was exceedingly pleasant. The streets, freshly sprinkled, were cool and grateful, the trees cast a delightful shade. The bicycles caught the spirit of the morning and champed at their bits—or their bearings; they broke into unexpected canters, lifting their pedals airily, and jingling their bridles.

"By Jove, this *is* nice," said I expansively. "It's great!"

"*Isn't* it?" said Anne.

Then together we chorused that remark which every dilettante bicyclist indulges in at the outset of the run:

"Really, we ought to do this oftener!"

Toward eleven—we had stopped to rest six times—on Anne's account—I could see that my wheel was beginning to develop a strong dislike for me, which later grew into a perfect hatred.

"This machine loathes me," I gasped back to Anne.

"I wish you wouldn't ride so fast," she panted, coming up behind, very red in the face, the Tam all awry.

"I'm not riding fast. I hate to ride fast."

"Yes, you are—and I try not to keep up, but my bicycle won't let its mate get out of its sight. It chases you—and I'm so tired of it."

"Mine is behaving like a brute. I can't help it. Sometimes I can't get it to stop, and other times——"

"Yes, I know; but aren't we 'most there?" Anne put in wearily.

"'Most there? I should think not. We haven't done eight miles yet."

"Oh! Well, let's go on. I get tireder stopping and thinking how tired I am than I do riding on and thinking how much tireder I'm going to be presently."

Aunt Caroline had given us a luncheon which started out in life by being very delicate, and chaste, and elegant. Under the influence of jolting off the bicycle, the heat of the sun, and the trials of the road, it ended, as those things invariably do, by being squashy in the parts where it should be hard, and scratchy and crumby in the parts where it should be soft. We sat under a dusty tree and scraped our food off our fingers or shook it from the lid of the box. It was very hot, and there was no water, except in a well near by. Anne won't drink out of wells. I don't know why. Also, when we tried to sit down our legs collapsed just above the knees in a queer, nervous way.

"Aren't we 'most there?" repeatedly inquired Anne.

"You mustn't keep asking me that," said I plaintively.

"But how shall I know if I don't?"

"How will you know if you do?"

"Do you suppose this is the right road?"

I giggled out of sheer exhaustion.

Anne sighed wearily. "You *are* tired. . . . We ought to be starting on, I feel. I've got to the point where I can't think of a thing except going on. It seems as if always I'd be going on—on a pink bicycle.

"I hate a bicycle," she continued with the hollow, calm despair of the hopeless. "I hate 'em. I hate the places I go to on them. I don't like exercise. The women of 1830 had a much better time. They didn't ride wheels—they didn't do anything except wear tight stays and fall in love and write about it in their journals. They had a good time. I hope this modern idea of women being so athletic will go out of fashion. If I were a 'female' now I'd swoon."

"Don't you dare," said I excitedly, sitting up. "Because if you do I'll leave you right here by the roadside. I've got a good deal of trouble of my own: my shoe hurts me awfully, and my nose is burned till it looks like a fairy-lamp on an old garden wall. My head aches, too, and my white knickerbockers are filthy dirty."

Later the sky grew thunderous and the air dead—it was like riding in a woolen blanket. We rarely spoke to each other, just wobbled on, and on, and on, in a heart-breaking monotony. From time to time Anne dropped isolated phrases like a mechanical toy. Her mental state was pathetic. I know now how Maeterlinck gets his dialogue.

"Oh, aren't we 'most there?"

"Oh, how hot it is."

"Oh, how tired I am."

"Oh, it's getting hotter."

"Oh, aren't we 'most there?"

"Oh, how I freckle—Oh, the backs of my hands are like a pepper-box."

"Oh, I'm nearly dead."

(Concluded on Page 23)

THE DOLLAR IN POLITICS

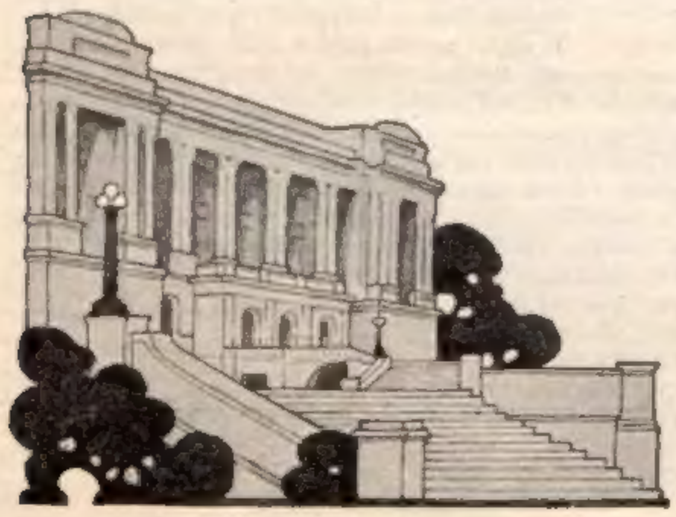
Some Modern Methods in Popular Misgovernment

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IT IS well before beginning a discussion of a matter not altogether familiar to every one to define the terms used in the discussion. The term "graft" is a new one in politics. It has almost the same significance that the expression "infloonce" had during the sixties, seventies and eighties in the last century. But the attitude of the people toward the dishonest politician has changed in thirty years, and the element of humor—what might be called the winking element—has gone from the attitude of the people, and the word graft, though it defines the same act as "infloonce," carries odium with it. The odium in the word graft is even more pronounced than that in the word "pull"; for there was something in "pull" which the people respected as they respected a man who stole large sums of money. The man with "infloonce" was a sly dog, and one poked him in the ribs and wagged one's head at him in genial tolerance; the man with a pull was viewed by his fellows with rather distrustful awe and with a kind of cynical admiration. But the grafter occupies a place in public esteem close to that held by the common thief. Thus are the footprints of the Nation's moral progress recorded in the slang of the people. And, therefore, graft may be defined as any selfish use of public emoluments. A grafter is a person who, by reason of his public office or personal prominence, uses for his private gain the surrendered powers which citizens give to the State. Under this definition the driver of the State wagon who dumps a ton of coal into his own bin between the scales and the State coal-bin is a grafter, but the citizen who accepts a pass over a railroad given to him by reason of his political prominence in the community is also a grafter. Under this definition the man who puts down a poor piece of pavement in collusion with a dishonest inspector is a grafter, and the oil magnate who, having contributed largely to the national campaign fund of his party, assumes to dictate to its legislators in matters involving his interests, is a grafter. Grafting may be defined as getting for improper personal use any of the privileges which, for the common good, the State takes from the individual. This definition brings grafting close to stealing. As the people grow clearer and clearer visioned in their moral perceptions, the difference between stealing and grafting will become smaller and smaller in the public mind. And there is no doubt that the people are looking at grafting with keener eyes than formerly. The ultimate purification of politics is not an iridescent dream.

The Signs of the Times

IT IS only because people recognize for villainy what they once saw only as smartness that the villainy seems so widespread and the case seems so hopeless. Men are not stealing more in politics than ever before; they are merely being caught more frequently. The signs of the times are not hopeless, but infinitely hopeful; and the hope is in the people, as it always must be when any real reform is accomplished under this Government. Men like Roosevelt and Bristow at Washington, Folk at St. Louis, Jerome at New York, are leaders of the movement toward decency in government. Unintentionally, they have succeeded in dramatizing the action of the cause so simply, with themselves as heroes, that many feeble minds have been enabled to grasp the situation; but if these leaders had not risen the conditions would have developed other leaders. And if the leaders just named had tried to lead in the eighties and nineties they would have had few followers. Roosevelt did try to lead then. As police commissioner and as civil service commissioner he stood for exactly what he is standing for to-day. He had a minority of the people of the country with him then, but it was not a considerable minority. If he had succeeded Garfield instead of McKinley, Roosevelt would have backed into obscurity, fighting for decency with the people jeering at him. The strength of the leaders has helped the cause of civic righteousness. They would not be leaders if they were not strong; but the real fight against grafters and grafting came because the people were ready to declare war.



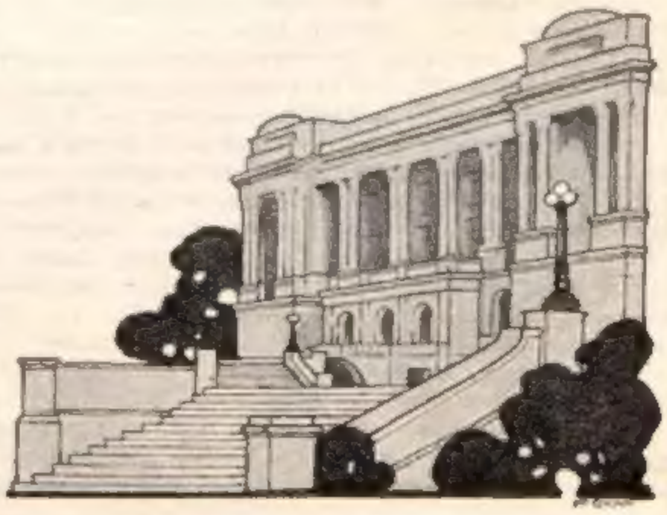
This war is really the greatest thing in American politics to-day. Beside it the question of tariff and all other commercial questions seem trivial. The people propose to fight the coming Presidential campaign on a moral issue—that involving the integrity of the governmental machinery; and whether high finance agrees or not, or whether the politicians disagree or not, is immaterial. For once put a moral issue squarely before the American people, and they are practically undivided. Roosevelt is strong with the people of his nation, not because they agree with him on the tariff, as they agreed with McKinley; not because they believe in his wisdom on the currency question, as they believed in Cleveland's. The people are not attracted to Roosevelt by his views on the tariff or the currency; they aren't particularly interested in knowing which side of the canal controversy he took. Roosevelt is strong with the nation because the people believe that in administering the affairs of this Government he will fight graft, and that he will insist, so far as he may insist, that stealing absolutely stop in the framing and execution of the laws of the United States.

The principal plank in the Republican platform properly should be merely a paraphrase of the Eighth Commandment. For President Roosevelt has begun his campaign by striking at the genesis of graft in this nation: The National Central Committee, the head of his party organization. The party system—which is probably a necessary governmental function in this nation—is the nursery of graft. Talk about purifying politics by arresting a few boodlers here and there, by making an occasional horrible example of a scamp, is idle talk. The reform must begin at the bottom, and the basis of graft in this country is party. It is not exactly true to say that government is operated by the party system and that the party system is a system of graft; that statement would be a gross exaggeration, yet it contains much truth. Government has become too largely a system of grafting in this United States. A vast majority of the men in office are honest men. They would not steal a dollar from the public treasury. Yet, certainly, seven out of ten of them would not only take but would expect railroad passes and other perquisites which they could not get as private citizens; seven out of ten of them use their patronage to build up their own political power, or that of their factional allies; seven out of ten of them regard their offices not as opportunities to serve their fellowmen, but as places where they may improve their financial conditions quicker than they could in similar places in private life. Whether these seven men will admit it or not, or whether they do actually graft or not, the fact remains that their attitude toward the public service is that of grafters. Through party service they have earned their offices. In many cases, by cash contributions to their party committee, men have actually bought offices. They regard these offices as their private possessions; they are "their jobs." The party system fosters this idea by guaranteeing to the officer who is not flagrantly indecent a second-term nomination. The party levies tribute upon every public office as the State taxes a chattel; the party system uses public offices as rewards of merit for faithfulness, not to country, but to party. The public office, under the party system, has largely passed out of control of the people, and has become a chessman in the game of politics. Quay demanded a Cabinet place from Harrison, as a reward for services rendered to Harrison, as formally and as seriously as he would have demanded payment on Harrison's personal note; and among a majority of those who knew the facts the opinion prevailed that Harrison played a shabby part in protesting payment. So when Quay started to foreclose Harrison out of the Presidency the people were not moved by Harrison's courage. They merely said he was "cold." He was born out of his time.

The Pleasant Game of Political Tit-Tat-Toe

OF RECENT years, since the Civil War, a form of graft has sprung up under the party system in America which has made the trafficking in public offices mere tit-tat-toe. The entrance of the corporation into American politics has been followed by grafting not only in offices but in laws. The corporation that desires special privileges contributes cash to the Central Committees of the two dominant parties, and if party managers are honest, according to the rules of the game of politics, those contributions are the purchase prices of desired privileges. If a corporation running a railroad wishes to maintain high rates it is no longer necessary to buy members of the Legislature—at least, not in a well-regulated State. But it is necessary to buy the party organization that controls the Legislature; and this is done before the Legislature is elected. The deed is recorded on the books of the State Central Committee, and if a member or group of members appears with a bill in the interests of the shippers, the chairman of the State Committee makes it his business to see that the "organization" is against the bill. Similarly, in the lower walks of politics, the County Central Committee protects the saloonkeeper, and, similarly, in the higher walks, the National Central Committee fries the fat out of great manufacturing corporations and protects them when tariffs are made; banking corporations are protected in the framing of currency laws, and shipbuilding corporations are promised laws to their liking. Through the party system, as it has been organized for twenty-five years in America, apparently a general system of grafting has arisen, involving not only the offices but the laws of the country, and through this grafting system has arisen a group of persons having the power, but not the respectability, of the barons whom the English-speaking people overthrew several hundred years ago. The party system is rotten to the core in America, and President Roosevelt has gone to the core of it for reform.

He is demanding a clean National Committee. He has demanded that there shall be no further selling of privileges.



He has demanded that the committee be so organized that it will not interfere with the work of honest legislation in behalf of any cause. He is driving the money-changers out of the temple. The selection by the President of George B. Cortelyou as chairman of the coming National Central Committee is a warning that contributions to the committee are not to be considered as mortgages upon the Republican party. If the Standard Oil Corporation, for instance, desires to contribute to the Republican National Committee, well and good, but the contribution must be made with the distinct understanding that if any measure shall appear before Congress in which the Standard Oil Corporation is interested, the chairman of the National Committee is in no way obligated to interest himself in the measure for the corporation, and no Senator or Representative is in any way bound to consider that contribution in casting his vote. If this order of things prevails down the line, in the Congressional Committee, and in the State Committee, and in the County Committee, the people and their opinions will have weight again. As it is, the average legislator considers the source of the revenue which elected him before he considers the opinions of the people who cast the votes at the election. There is just one way to overthrow the barons, and that is to purify the party system. For the party system may not be discarded. It is as much a part of the Government of the United States as the Constitution. The same thing to do President Roosevelt has done: he has not railed at the classes and palavered to the masses. He has not affected to be above party and party considerations. But he has taken the material at hand, the party system as he found it, and has frankly and boldly used all the power of his great office to cleanse the system, not that he might be exalted thereby, but to cleanse it so that whatever of classes have been created by the granting of special privileges dishonestly may be wiped out under the operations of this Government, and that before the law, and before the making of the law, the rich man, and the poor man, and the well-to-do man may have a fair deal.

It was a great thing to do; one of the greatest and bravest things President Roosevelt has done. It will bring him trouble and make him enemies—which is immaterial. But no honest man could have done less. To preach honesty and permit himself to be carried into a high office tied hand and foot by a dishonest system would be the exemplification of a colossal graft: trading conscience and honor for the top seat on the highest grandstand in the world.

The Enemy's Losses

THE Japanese-Russian War has been a surprise in more ways than one but in one at least it has been a great surprise. In the early weeks of fighting there was a noticeable disposition on the part of both contestants to be conservative in the estimation of the enemy's losses. An attack on Port Arthur would be followed by a Japanese report of perhaps five killed and eighteen wounded and the statement that they could not estimate the Russian losses. The Russians would report two artillerymen killed, half a dozen Chinese slain, and would add that they did not know the extent of the Japanese casualties. It is only lately since the fighting on the Yalu began in earnest—that the figures have leaped into frightful proportions and one is reminded of some of the whopping estimates of casualties sent out by American generals in the Philippines and the British generals in South Africa. A battle in South Africa would always be followed by a British report that a great number of Boers were killed but that the Boers removed their dead from the field. I remember, says an old war correspondent, one fight in which the British estimated that four hundred Boers were killed, yet later, when I was with the Boers in the Leydenburg Mountains, they told me that their real losses in that particular battle were two dead and nineteen wounded. In the Philippines the American estimates were laughable. When the Americans lost five men they would estimate the Filipino loss at three hundred or even eight hundred; but when we came to count the slain nearly all of the latter had disappeared, having been carried off by the survivors. It always struck me that a force of Filipinos hiking frantically through the jungle carrying several hundred dead and wounded must be a remarkable sight. In consequence I usually tried to send in a report based entirely on my own account.

At the fight at the Zapote Bridge the American generals estimated the insurgent loss at 500 dead. A member of Wheaton's staff had told us that a certain trench was full of dead and wounded and the fields were simply littered with them. I was told that sixty-five bodies were in the trench. So, with the recollection of former exaggerations, I started out to verify the count. Starting at the right of the Zapote Bridge, I walked along the entire right wing of intrenchments. In this section were two dead bodies, each with the top of its head literally blown off by either a close range Krag or a shrapnel ball.

On the left of the bridge I counted eighteen dead and nine wounded. The greater number of these were down in the trench, but some were in the little grove behind. At a small haystack near the trench were seven wounded men who had evidently tried to escape under cover of the stack. Some of the dead had suffered fearful wounds in the head and several had been killed while taking off their uniforms. Trousers of many uniforms found strewn in the trenches and through the grove behind told with ghastly eloquence how the poor wretches were trying to adopt the garb of "amigos" before it was too late.

Twenty dead men, with several wounded, lying in a comparatively small place have the appearance of being a hundred, but a cold count demonstrates how easy it is to overestimate. I walked down along the river intending to make a thorough search, and had gone several hundred yards away from our troops. I had passed the limits of the trenches and had turned out into the open field behind to search that district. No sooner had I shown myself in the open than a clatter of bullets came through the trees, to indicate the wisdom of getting back to cover. The American bugles were blowing "attention," and I hurried along to rejoin the troops near the bridge. Imagine my amazement to find a squad of men advancing toward me with rifles ready. The cold sweat came over me when the officer cried out: "The soldiers here swore you were an insurgent and wanted to open fire on you. You were very imprudent to go so far away from the troops."

The count was, of course, interrupted, but I had discovered to my own satisfaction that the number of dead had been greatly overestimated

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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CHAPTER XIV—
BARRACLOUGH TAKES A HAND

I DID not take Holgate's advice, although I had instinctively made up my mind that he was sincere in offering it. What reason he had for expressing kindliness for me—if he had any—I could not say. I reflected that it might very well be of a piece with his astute plans. He might seek to serve some purpose by it. I was useful as a doctor in attending to his wounded men, but I knew enough of him to guess that that alone would not suffice to keep him friendly. There must be another reason, unless, indeed, it was as he said, and he really had been captivated by my personal charms! This solution of the problem was flattering, of course, but I was not disposed to accept it. So deep was my mistrust of the arch schemer that I racked my brains to find an explanation for his conduct. This, needless to say, was not conducive to sleep, and I passed a bad night. It was profoundly still, but toward dawn the screw began to move again, and I concluded that the fog had lifted. I got up and looked out of the port, and could discern dimly the white sheets of the mountains not two furlongs distant. The Sea Queen began to tramp along at a slow pace at first, but finally, getting speed, resumed her normal rate of progress. If I knew Holgate he was still on the bridge, and he would remain there until the danger was over. If he was an abominable scoundrel he was indubitably also an admirable seaman with a sense of duty to his ship.

I fell asleep shortly after that, and when I awoke the sun was full up, but sitting low in the east, glittering upon a field of snowy pinnacles. I ascended to the staterooms, and there found Barraclough, who had just come on duty. He had a cheerful eye, and scanned me curiously.

"Well, are we going to get through this?" he asked.

"We're going to get out of the Straits, I believe," I answered.

"Ah!" he said, and frowned, as he was accustomed to do when thinking deeply. He was not a man of much thought.

"And after that?" said he abruptly.

"The deluge," said I, shrugging my shoulders.

"Look here, Phillimore, do you believe we can hold out against Holgate's forces?" he asked seriously.

"I think we shall have to try," I replied evasively.

"I'm d——d if we can," he said bluffly. "It's all infernal nonsense."

"Well, we've got to try," I repeated impatiently.

"Oh, well, yes, we've got to try," he admitted, "unless Holgate will hear reason."

"YOU ARE GOOD," SHE SAID BROKENLY

"Heavens, man, do you suppose he's risked all this to listen to reason now?" I asked in amazement.

Barraclough turned away. "Well, you see him. You ought to know," he growled. "If he doesn't we're done."

"I don't advise you to tell the others that," I said dryly.

He turned on me fiercely. "Who said I would?" he said. "Do you take me for a fool? And who's captain here? Doctor Phillimore, I'll have you know your place," he cried in a black passion, unusual in him. "I'm commanding officer and responsible to none, not even the—Mr. Morland, by Heaven, no—not on this ship, anyway." And with that remarkable tempest of unreasonable fury he strode angrily away, leaving me annoyed and somewhat abashed. Assuredly the situation, the waiting, the suspense had played havoc with all our nerves, even with this placid English gentleman's. There was the development in fact, as plain as a pikestaff. This tension had worn on us. Barraclough lost his temper for inadequate reasons; the Prince shut himself in his room morosely, for I shall come to that presently; and Lane growled and grumbled so that it was difficult to avoid quarreling with him—indeed, it was only by silence that I averted an open collision on more than one occasion. Little Pye was as nervous as a hen; a sound set him jumping. As I came up the stairs noiselessly I encountered him, and his whole body started.

"Look here, man," said I with good humored contempt, "you'll be skipping away from your own shadow next. How do you expect to stand up against Holgate with a spirit like that?"

He was pale even through the strong color that the sun had beaten into him. He eyed me without replying for a moment, and then with the ghost of his old manner answered: "I expect I shall sit down to him."

The fingers with which he readjusted his glasses—his favorite trick—were tremulous.

Pye was to be counted out in the case of an emergency, but Pye, somehow, set me thinking. Pye's cowardice was manifest, rampant, if one may use such a term, yet he had ventured into the fog the night before; not only so, but upon a deck which was filled in his eyes with horrid enemies, prowling in search of victims. How had he achieved that spirited action? It seemed incredible, yet I had come upon him at the foot of the bridge stairs, and I had his explanation. What induced the timid rabbit to venture out of his hutch upon such a night and in such circumstances? Frankly, the riddle beat me, and I should have worried over it had it not been for other matters that seemed more immediately important. I have spoken of the Prince's seclusion. I admit now that it had already made an impression on me. He was, as became his nature and his training, a disciplinarian. Each man had his place and duties, and Prince Frederic appeared at due seasons and shared in the responsibilities. He did not shirk, in accordance with his promise; but for the rest he had withdrawn himself now for three days from the general company. His meals were

served with his sister and mademoiselle, but from what I saw he was most often in his own cabin, and here it was I got a glimpse of him once again—a glimpse, I mean, into that strange and compound character.

I forget the occasion, but it was necessary that I should see him, and I entered the cabin after knocking. When we were done he pulled his papers before him and sat looking at them dully.

"Have you any literary qualities, Doctor Phillimore?" he asked me quite unexpectedly.

I hesitated. "If so they are quite undeveloped," I replied. "I have no reason to suppose so."

"Ah!" he sighed, and taking a volume which lay on the table, opened it. "Do you know German?"

I told him that I could read the language. He nodded

"It has never been properly appreciated," he said slowly. "The German literature is wonderful, ah, wonderful!" And he appeared to meditate over his page, then he set the book down and looked across at me.

"You are married, Doctor? Ah, no." He nodded again, and once more resumed his meditations. I might have taken it for granted that I was free to go, but for some reason I lingered. He frowned deeply, and sighed again.

"There is a passage in Schiller, but you would not know it——"

He gave me no chance of saying, and I answered nothing—only sat and stared at him.

"There is more music in Germany's little finger than in all the world else—in composition, I mean," he added

"That has always been my opinion," I ventured at last

He turned his dull blue eyes on me, as if wondering what I did there. "So!" he said, and heaved a bigger sigh from his very heart, as it seemed. "When the attack is made, Doctor——" He broke off and asked sharply: "When will they attack, do you say?"

"Any moment now, sir," I replied

He rose. "We must remember the ladies, Doctor," he said

"Yes, we are not likely to forget them," I replied

He eyed me. "Do you think——" and paused. "That is all, sir," he said with a curt nod.

It was not a ceremonious, or even a fitting, dismissal, seeing the common peril in which we stood. In that danger surely we should have drifted together more, drifted into a situation where princes and commoners were not, where employers and hirelings did not exist. Yet I was not annoyed, for I had seen some way into his soul, and it was turbid and tortured. Black care had settled on Prince Frederic, and he looked on me out of eyes of gloom. The iron had entered into him, and he was no longer a prince, but a mortal man undergoing travail and anguish.

By the afternoon we were clear of the Straits, and the nose of the yacht turned northward. Still there was no sign from the mutineers, and that being so, I felt myself at liberty to pay my customary visit to Legrand in the forecastle. No one interfered with me, and I did not see Holgate; but the man on guard at the hatch made no difficulty about letting me down. As I descended it came into my mind how easy it would be to dispose of yet another fighting man of the meagre force at the Prince's disposal by clapping the hatch over my head. It would have been a grim joke quite in keeping with Holgate's character, and for a moment I turned as in doubt, but the next second, banishing my misgivings, I went down to the floor. Captivity was telling on the prisoners beyond doubt, for here they got no sight of sun, and the light was that of the gloaming. I remembered that I had forgotten to take a lantern from the sentry as soon as this twilight gloomed on me, and I was turning back when I heard a sound

"Hsst—hsst——"

I stopped. "Who is that?" I asked in a whisper.

"It's me: Jones, sir," said one of the hands.

I walked toward him, for the light that streamed in by the open hatchway sufficed to reveal him.

"Anything wrong with you?" said I casually.

"Well, I could do with a bit more light and a smoke, sir," said the man respectfully cheerful. But it was not his words; it was his action that arrested me, for he jerked his thumb incessantly as he spoke toward the darker recesses of the hold.

"All right, my man," said I. "I'll speak to Mr. Holgate. He oughtn't to keep you in such close confinement if you are to remain human beings."

So saying I waded into the deeper shadows, and as I did I felt my hand seized and dragged downward.

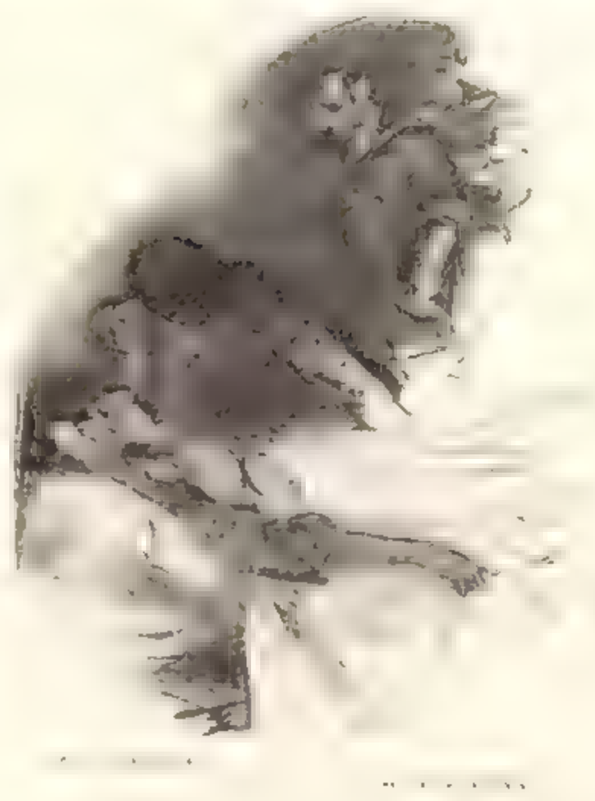
"Sssh!" said a very still voice, and I obeyed.

What was it? I was drawn downward, and at last I knelt. I knew now, and somehow my heart leaped within me. I had never really understood Legrand; I had taken him for a very ordinary ship's officer; but I had come slowly to another conclusion. I bent down.

"Heart pretty bad," I said in a mechanical way.

"There's only one way out," whispered a voice below me, "and that's through the bulkheads into the engine-room. I've been waiting, and I think I can do it."

"I don't like the look of the eyes," I remarked indifferently. "Does he eat well?"



"I COULDN'T SAY, SIR," SAID JONES; "JUST LAYS THERE LIKE A LOG"

"Not very well, sir; it's a job to get him to take it," said Jones.

"We've had four days at it with a knife," said the whisper, "and, by thunder, we see light now. We'll get through, Phillimore. How do you stand?"

"Sleep at all well?" I inquired.

"I couldn't say, sir," said Jones; "just lays there like a log."

"Attack may be made at any moment," I whispered back. "There are some ten of us holding the staterooms, and the ladies."

He gripped my hand, and I rose to my feet. "Well, I'm afraid I can't do any more," I said. "He's going on pretty much the same. Good-by, men."

They returned the farewell, and I made my way to the ladder and ascended. The guard with emotionless face helped me out, and the first man my eyes fell on was Holgate, standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at me. He whistled as he eyed me, and his teeth showed in his grin. "For sheer arduous pursuit of duty I don't know your equal, Doctor," said he. "You just hang on to work as if you loved it. How's the patient?"

I told him that it was a question of time, but that there was no reason why Legrand should not get over the injury to his spine. "Not that he will ever be the same man again," I added.

"No," said he reflectively, "he won't. And he wants time, does he? Well, perhaps we can give him time—though, mark you, my lad, I don't promise it," he said with his ugly fang showing in a smile.

He took ten paces along the deck with me, seeming to be wrapped up in his thoughts, and then he paused.

"Tell me, Doctor, are you in this move?" he asked brusquely.

"What move?" I asked in turn. "What do you mean?"

He waved a hand toward the upper deck. "Why, Barraclough's, of course," he replied. "Are you working with him? Because, if so, I'd like to know, if only for amusement"

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking of," I replied.

"You're not making terms, eh?" said he, heavily leaden of face. "By gosh, you might be, Doctor, but you ain't. More fool you. Then it's Barraclough, is it, playing on his own." He chuckled. "That man treated me as pretty dirt all along, didn't he? I'll go bail it was public property. Barraclough's real blue blood. Prick him and see. My son, he's got to be pricked, but I'm no surgeon."

"I understand nothing of all this," I replied. "You enjoy mystification, Holgate, and your talents are remarkable. You can beat Sir John out of his boots. But I wish you'd thrown your talents elsewhere. Better have buried them. For you've given us a stiff job, and we've simply got to lick you."

You will see that I was broken out here in his own vein I had come to the conclusion that this was my best card to play. I could sum up Holgate to a point, but I did not know him all through, and I was wise enough to recognize that. I think if I had been under thirty and not over that sagacious age I should have judged more rashly. But I had that unknown area of Holgate's character to meet, and I thought to meet it by emulating his own bearing. I am not by nature communicative, but I feigned the virtue. I spoke to him as to an equal, exchanging views upon the situation as one might exchange them on a cricket match; and I believe he appreciated my tone.

"If you had as little character as Sir John, and more prudence, I should have bet on your future, Doctor," he said soberly. "But you must play your own cards. And if Sir John wants terms he must be generous. Generosity becomes the victor

He smiled and nodded farewell, and I left him, considerably puzzled. I had no guess as to what he meant by his talk of Barraclough and terms. It could only mean one thing on the face of it, and that was that Barraclough had been in communication with him. If so, was this by the Prince's desire? And if so again, why had not I heard of it? Our company was so small and our plight so desperate that it was unseemly to confine policy or diplomacy within a narrow circle. Surely we had all a right to a knowledge of what was forward, at least all of us who were in positions of responsibility. As I went back I was consumed with annoyance that such an important matter as a possible compromise with the mutineers had been concealed from me. But, then, was it a compromise authorized by the Prince? If I had read that obstinate and fanatical, proud heart aright I could not credit it

When I reached the staterooms I inquired for Barraclough, and then remembered that he would be on duty in the saloon. I immediately sought him there, but found only Grant, who informed me that he had relieved Sir John at his orders half an hour earlier. He could not give any information beyond that. It was possible Barraclough had gone to his cabin, and so I repaired thither, but without success. I made inquiries of Ellison, who had not seen the first officer, and of the steward, who was in a like case.

It was Lane who gave me the clew in a vein which I will set down without comment.

"He's on a perch, and crowing like a rooster, is the bart. You need not look for flies on Barraclough, Doctor. He's his own chauffeur this trip. I don't fancy the job myself, but the bart. is rorty, and what would you say to mademoiselle, eh?"

"Oh, let's be plain, Lane," I said impatiently.

He jerked his thumb across the corridor. "Mademoiselle wants a partner at dominoes, matador or bridge, Doctor, and the bart. plays a good game. If you have to choose between your maid and a bart. you bet your life you'll pocket the bart. Oh, this trip's about enough for me. Where's it going to end, and where are we?" He made a wry face and sank in a heap on his chair. "If you've got any influence with Holgate make him come in. I'm sick of this sentry-go. If it suits Germans it don't suit a true-born Englishman."

"Is Sir John with mademoiselle?" I asked simply.

"Guess again, and you'll guess wrong," said Lane moodily, kicking his feet about.

I was not interested in his feelings at the moment. My mind was occupied with other considerations, but it certainly gave me pause that what I had myself seen was apparently now common knowledge. That Sir John had been fascinated by the coquettish Parisian was obvious to me; if it was obvious to Lane was it hidden from others who were more concerned? I had my answer as regards one almost immediately.

If Sir John were in the ladies' boudoir it was not for me to disturb him, and I turned away and passed out of the corridor.

As I was preparing to descend to the cabins I heard the low strains of the small organ which the piety of a former owner of the Sea Queen had placed at the end of the music gallery. I entered, and in the customary twilight made out a figure at the farther end of the room. Perhaps it was the dim light that gave the old air its significance. It had somewhat the effect upon me that music in a church heard faintly and moving with simple solemnity has always had. What is there that speaks so gravely in the wind notes and reeds of an organ?

"*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*"

I knew the words as familiarly as I knew the music, and yet that was almost the last place and time in which I should have expected to hear it. It was not mademoiselle who played, so low and soft to hear. Oh, I felt sure of that The touch was lighter, graver and quieter. I drew near the player, and listened. I had heard mademoiselle sing that wonderful song, Adelaide, and she had sung it divinely. But I would have given a dozen Adelaides for that simple air, rendered by no voice, but merely by sympathetic fingers on those austere keys. I listened, as I say, and into my heart crept something—I know not what—that gave me a feeling of fullness of heart, of a surcharge of strange and not wholly painful sentiment

I was still battling with those sensations when the music ceased and the player arose. She started slightly on seeing me, and I found myself stammering an excuse for my presence

"I was looking for Sir John Barraclough."

"Come," she said after a moment's pause. "I will find him for you"

I followed her into the corridor, until she paused outside a door and opened it abruptly without knocking. I waited without, but I heard her voice, strangely harsh and clear:

"Sir John Barraclough, you are being sought by Doctor Phillimore."

Three minutes later Barraclough joined me, red and discomposed. "Anything the matter?" he growled.

I knew now that I had been used as a definite excuse to get rid of Barraclough, whose presence was not welcome to the Princess Alix, and with that knowledge I framed my answer.

"Yes; what terms have you made with Holgate?"

He started as if I had struck him, stared at me, and his jaw came out in a heavy, obstinate fashion he had.

"What's that to you?"

"Only this," said I, "that my life is as valuable to me as yours or the Prince's, and that, therefore, I have a right to know."

He laughed shortly. "I'm commanding officer."

"Oh, I'm sick of these airs," I replied. "If you will not answer me I will go to the Prince and get an answer from him. He, at least, will see the reasonableness of my request for information."

He changed his attitude at that. "You needn't do that, Phillimore," said he. "I can tell you all you need know. After all, as you say, you've a certain right." He looked at me with his hard, unfriendly look, and I met him with one of expectancy. "You know what my opinion is," he resumed. "It's only bluff to say that we have a chance against Holgate. He's got the ship and he's got the men. I want to see if we can't make some arrangement."

"And he will?" I inquired skeptically.

Barraclough hesitated. "He's inclined to. He's to let me know. I think he's a bit impressed by our bluff all the same, and if we could hit on a suitable middle course——" He stopped. "Look here, in Heaven's name, there are the women, Phillimore," he said vehemently.

"And you suppose Holgate will take them into consideration?" I said. "Well, perhaps he may. I don't think either you or I really know much of Holgate. But I think I know more than you. He's sociable and friendly, isn't he? One wouldn't take him for a bloody mutineer."

"He's a most infernal ruffian," said he with an oath.

"Yet you would trust him in the matter of terms," I suggested.

Barraclough frowned. "We've got to," he said curtly, "unless you can show me a way to hold out."

"Oh, men have been in worse cases than ours and emerged all right—a little battered, no doubt. And then, there's the coal. We can't cruise indefinitely. Holgate's got to put in somewhere."

"Oh, he's not going to wait for that," said Barraclough moodily. "Look here, Phillimore, have you a guess at what he means to do?"

"I have about ten guesses," I replied, shaking my head, "and none of them fits the case. What's he going to do with us? That's his real difficulty, and ours. The money problem's simple. I can't see what's at the back of that black mind, but I don't think it's hopeful for us—women included."

"There you are," he exploded savagely. "Anything if we can prevent the worst."

"Yes," I assented, "provided you can trust to Holgate's word. But would he let us off at any price and run the risk? And, moreover, the Prince. What of him?"

"He would refuse. He wouldn't budge. He's a d——d nuisance," said Barraclough moodily. "He's our stumbling-block."

"Quite so; and if we all caved in but Mr. Morland, what must his fate be? And we should look on, shouldn't we, and then go home in a tramp steamer, a happy family party with a nice little secret of our own? Ten, twelve, well, say sixteen of us. I can see Holgate trusting to that, and comfortably lolling back in Yokohama deck-chairs, and I can also see Sir John Barraclough reporting the total loss of the yacht Sea Queen, captain and owner and so-and-so going down with her. I can read it all in the papers here and now. Lord, it will be excellent food for the ha'pennies!"

The frown deepened on his face as I proceeded, but, contrary to my expectation, he did not display any temper at my mocking speech. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll admit the difficulties. It looks like impossibility; but so's the alternative. I'm in despair."

"There's only one thing will solve the problem," I said. He looked up. "Action."

"You mean——"

"Holgate won't wait till his coal's out. He's free to attack now."

"In Heaven's name, let him," said Barraclough viciously.

CHAPTER XV—THE FIGHT IN THE MUSIC-ROOM

THE Sea Queen was making way on her northerly course athwart the long rollers of the Pacific. The wind blew briskly from the west and the sea ran high, so that the yacht lay over with a strong list as she battled through the rough water. My watch began at twelve o'clock that night, and I took the precaution to lie down for a rest about eight. I fell asleep to the sound of the sea against my porthole window, but awoke in good time. It was full dark, and save for the screw and the eternal long wash without, there was silence. Somehow the very persistence of those sounds seemed profounder silence. I groped my way into the passage, with the screw kicking under my feet, and passed Barraclough's cabin. Still there was no sound or sign of life, but I perceived the glimmer of a light beyond, and, seeing that it issued from Pye's cabin, I turned the handle of the door. It was locked.

"Who is that?" demanded a tremulous voice.

"It's I. Let me in," I called back.

The door was opened slowly, and little Pye stood before me. In the illumination of the incandescent wire he stood out ghastly white.

"It's you, Doctor," he said weakly.

The smell of spirits pervaded the cabin. I looked across and saw a tumbler in the rack half full of whisky and water. He noticed the direction of my gaze.

"I can't sleep," said he. "This heavy water has given me a touch of seasickness. I feel awfully queer."

"I don't suppose whisky will do you any good," said I.

He laughed feebly and vacantly. "Oh, but it does; it stays the stomach. Different people are affected different ways, Doctor." As he spoke he took down the glass with quivering fingers and drank from it a clumsy gulp.

"I shall be better if I can get to sleep," he said nervously, and drank again.

"Pye, you're making trouble for yourself," said I. "You'll be pretty bad before morning."

"Oh, don't talk about morning," he broke out in a fit of terror.

I gazed at him in astonishment, and he tried to recover under my eyes.

"That's not your first glass," said I.

He did not deny it. "I can't go on without it. Let me alone, Doctor; for Heaven's sake let me alone."

I gave him up. "Well, if you are going to obfuscate yourself in this foolish manner," I said, my voice discovering my contempt, "at least, take my advice and don't lock yourself in. None but hysterical women do that."

I was closing the door when he put a hand out.

"Doctor, Doctor!" I paused, and he looked at me piteously. "Could you give me a sleeping draft?"

"If you'll leave that alone I will," I said; and I returned to my cabin and brought some sulphonal tabloids.

"This will do you less harm than whisky," I said. "Now, buck up, and be a man, Pye."

He thanked me and stood looking at me. His hands nervously adjusted his glasses on his nose. He took one of the tabloids and shakily lifted his whisky and water to wash it down his throat. He coughed and spluttered, and with a shiver turned away from me. He lifted the glass again and drained it.

"Good-by, Doctor—good-night, I mean," he said hoarsely, with his back still to me. "I'm all right. I think I shall go to sleep now."

"Well, that's wise," said I, "and I'll look in and see how you go on when my watch is over."

He started, turned half-way to me, and stopped. "Right you are," he said with a struggle after cheerfulness. His back was still to me. He had degrading cowardice in his very appearance. Somehow, I was moved to pat him on the shoulder.

"That's all right, man. Get to sleep."

For answer he broke into tears, and blubbered aloud, throwing himself face downward on his bunk.

"Come, Pye," said I. "Why, what's this, man?"

"I'm a bit upset," he said, regaining some control of himself. "I think the seasickness has upset me. But I'm all right." He lay on his face and was silent. And so (for I was due now in the corridor) I left him. As I turned away from the door I could have sworn I heard the key click in the door. He had locked himself in again.

Lane was on duty at the farther end of the corridor, and I had the door near the entrance connecting with the music balcony. Two electric lights shed a faint glow through the length and breadth of the corridor, and over all was silence. As I sat in my chair fingering my revolver my thoughts turned over the situation helplessly, and swung round finally to the problem of Barraclough and mademoiselle. The Princess and I had guessed what was forward, and Lane also had an inkling. Only the Prince was ignorant of the signal flirtation which was in progress under his nose. I suppose such a woman could not remain without victims. It did not suffice for her that she had captured a prince of the blood, had dislocated the policy of a kingdom, and had ruined a man's life. She must have other trophies of her beauty, and Barraclough was one. I was sorry for him, though I cannot say that I liked him. The dull, unimaginative and wholesome Briton had toppled over before the sensuous arts of the French beauty. His anxiety was for her. He had not shown himself timorous before. Doubtless she had infected him with her fears. Possibly, even, it was at the lady's suggestion that he had made advances to Holgate.

Suddenly my thoughts were diverted by a slight noise, and, looking round, I saw Lane advancing swiftly toward me.

"I say, Phillimore," he said in a hoarse whisper, "I've lost the key."

"Key!" I echoed. "What key?" For I did not at once take in his meaning.

"Why, man, the purser's key—the key of the strong-room," he said impatiently.

I gazed in silence at him. "But you must have left it below," I said at last.

"Not I," he answered emphatically. "I'm no juggins. They're always on me. I go to bed in them, so to speak. See here." He pulled a ring of keys from his pocket. "This is how I keep 'em—on my double chain. They don't leave me save at nights when I undress. Well, it's gone, and I'm d——d if I know when it went or how it went."

He gazed, frowning deeply, at his bunch.

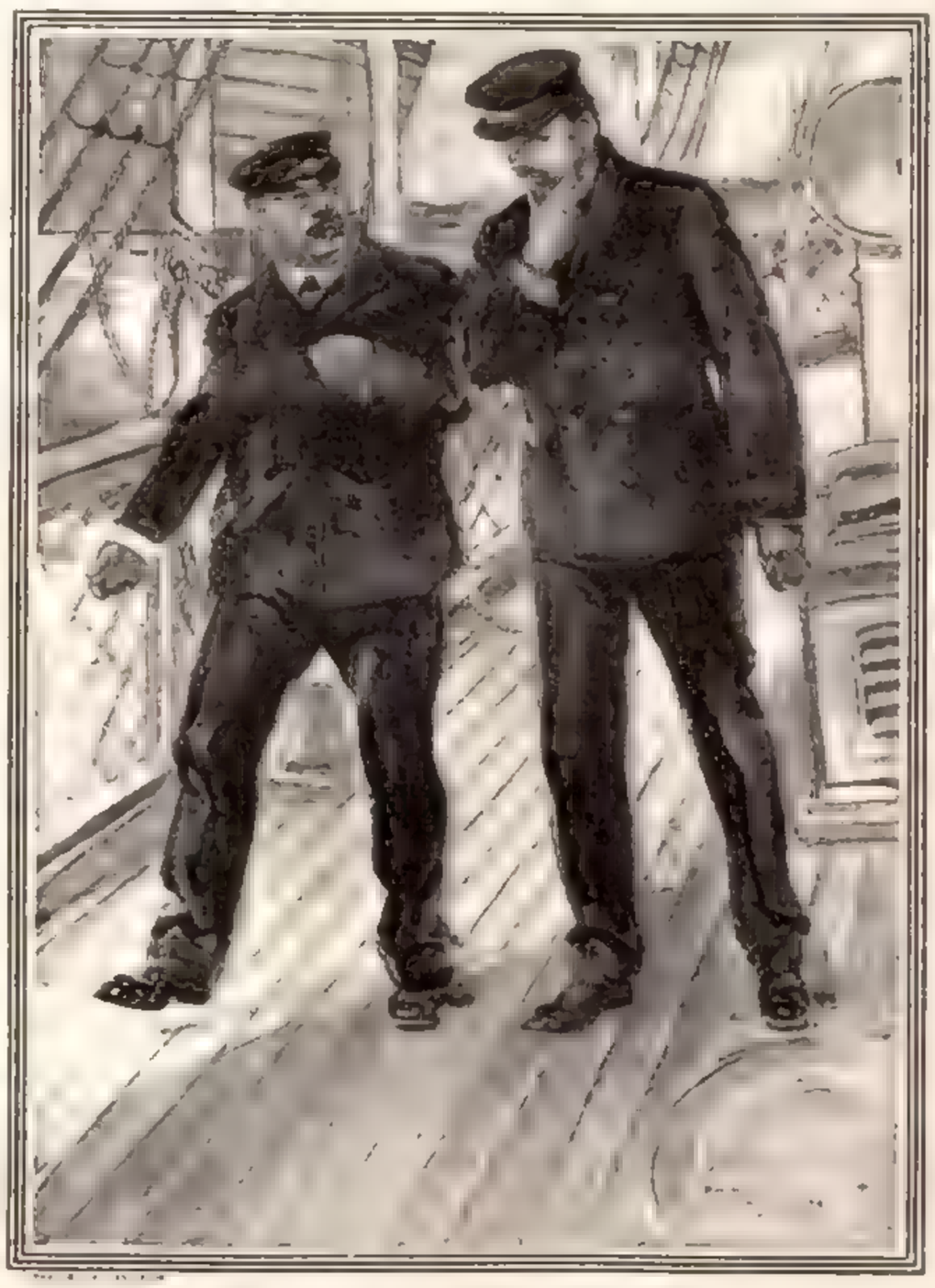
"That's odd," I commented.

"It puts me in a deuce of a hole," said he. "How the mischief can I have lost it? I can't think how it can have slipped off. And it's the only one gone, too."

"It didn't slip off," said I. "It's been stolen."

He looked at me queerly. "That makes it rather worse," he said hesitatingly. "For it don't go out of my hands."

(Continued on Page 22)



"TELL ME, DOCTOR, ARE YOU IN THIS MOVE?"

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The only yellow peril the summer girl fears is freckles.

¶ Even if we exterminate the boll weevil there is left the high-ball evil.

¶ Sometimes the campaign runs the candidate and sometimes the candidate runs the campaign.

¶ English critics are firm in the faith that American millions are vulgar until refined by an ocean voyage.

¶ American patriotism, even on the Fourth of July, should be known more by its works than by its fireworks.

¶ A real patriot is one who is willing to do more for the Government than he expects the Government to do for him.

¶ Those who make church attendance a matter of too much temperance in winter are inclined to total abstinence in summer.

¶ The great man of the Eastern War is probably sticking closely to routine, oblivious of the plan of Fate to connect him with opportunity.

¶ In the present Presidential campaign the Irish are well divided between the two parties. And in this matter both of the parties are entirely willing to Stand Pat.

Campaign Fireworks

THIS year the Fourth of July comes between the two great national conventions and at a time when the country is much stirred by the interest in the next Presidency. It is one of the most curious situations in the history of American politics: curious because in a time of profound peace and of general good order the urgent purpose of each organization is to show that its rival cannot be trusted to conserve and advance the welfare of their common government.

Twenty millions of Americans can vote. About 16,000,000 will vote, the 4,000,000 not voting being for the most part Indians, idiots, criminals, lazy citizens and other skulkers.

We are interested in the 16,000,000. We have approximately two camps of 8,000,000 with the political leader of each crying that the others are not safe Americans.

It is not a kindergarten play; it is a genuine, live Presidential contest. Why laugh?

We have, in the 128 years of our national life, lived more ages in progress and experience than any other Government in all the centuries of its history. We have taken more desperate chances, fought bloodier battles, gone through more dangers, and touched higher and deeper the possibilities of human passion than any other people.

Count, then, how many traitors we have in our records! Recall, if you can, how many persons in the past century and a quarter have forsaken American citizenship for an alien flag. Match the showing by the facts of any other nation!

Looking at the matter broadly, it is all very ridiculous for the politicians to raise their alarms. Traitors? Americans who would be untrue to their country in office? Nonsense! Even the elusive Mrs. Harris was more real than they.

So, gentle citizens, our reverend and most approved good masters, who do great things with showers of ballots instead of showers of bullets, let us give our patriotism, bred in us by our ancestors and ripened by our own good sense, a voice above the silly acerbities of the conventions, and let us believe, on the evidence of the long and blazing years, that in this land of loyalty all is well even when the platforms point with alarm and the delegates jump upon the seats and yell their frenzies; let us think with all peace and patience that every American selected by his fellows to strive for the White House will have no ambition except

> One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
> One nation evermore.

Justifiable Facticide

WHEN Doctor Amboyne In Put Yourself in His Place decided that the life of Mrs. Little depended upon keeping the reports of her son's death from her, practical Jael Dence told good Squire Raby that she must manage to keep him out of the way.

"What for, in Heaven's name?" asked the Squire.

"Sir," was her reply, "we shall have to lie from morning to night, and you will be a bungler at that, saving your presence."

The good Squire, who had never thought a lie, much less told one, considered the matter as philosophically as he could with the tremendous issue at stake.

"I am a novice at lying," he said, "but I must cultivate the art for poor Edith's sake. I am not a fanatic: there is justifiable homicide, so why not justifiable facticide?"

It is a question of perennial debate as to whether or not we have any right to take liberties with the truth. One poet says: "Nothing can need a lie," but another declares, "Blunt truths more mischief than mere falsehoods do," and one of Shakespeare's characters exclaims:

> The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
> And time to speak it in; you rub the sore
> When you should bring the plaster.

As a matter of fact, people devote a large part of their time, their conversation, their pens, their typewriters, their telephones and even their mental telepathy to compromises with the truth. Writers have pointed out what a world this would be if only the absolute truth were spoken—but perhaps there wouldn't be a world, only the millennium. There appears to be in us an inborn love of fiction.

> When fiction rises pleasing to the eye
> Men will believe, because they love the lie:
> But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
> Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.

And yet it is the truth to say that the deepest, best and noblest respect within us is for the truth. If evasions are accepted in anything it is in politics. We give our public men large leeway. We do not complain if they omit occasional essentials in defense of their acts or use undue emphasis in support of their contentions. An illuminating instance has recently proved this rule by its prominence as an exception. Mr. Cleveland's article in this magazine on certain of his executive acts that were belligerently criticised provoked more editorials than anything of the year except the Eastern War. It has been most interesting to follow the hundreds of columns of this comment. It was not all eulogistic; much of it was hostile; in general there was amazement that he should be so candid. But—this is the important point—even in the most caustic criticism was an admiring acknowledgment of the character of a man who disregarded the quibblings of the politician and stood boldly for the truth as he saw it. One of the ablest critics, after a column of disagreement and disparagement, wound up with a cordial declaration that though he wished Mr. Cleveland had not done it he respected him the more because he did do it.

Good Squire Raby tried his best, but, of course, he failed: he blurted the truth in spite of himself—and the truth, instead of killing the lady, started her return to health and led to all kinds of happy explanations. It is often that way in life. And truth has its victories even in politics, where justifiable facticide is one of the arts.

"The Church's One Foundation"

THE uniting of all the churches into one seems as remote as when it was first proposed. But——

Never was there so little acrimony, or even curiosity, as to difference of creed. Perhaps the best results can be got by keeping the army divided into wings and corps and regiments. There is no longer fundamental lack of harmony. Each church is dealing in its own way with the one problem which all recognize. That problem is how to fit men for the society of their fellowmen; for the man who is a helpful and elevating associate of men is not likely to be out of place among angels

Unity of form may be remote. Unity of purpose is an accomplished fact.

The Nightmares of the House Painter

PROFESSOR Charles Eliot Norton used to assure his classes at Harvard that the American landscape is essentially vulgar—the reason being that the hand of man, which alone gives character to the external world, is evident mainly in "the nightmares of the carpenter and the house painter." A recent incident suggests—what might long have been suspected—that the piper of horrid dreams is quite as apt to be the owner, who has so often the vanity of believing that he knows better than his architect or builder what kind of a house he likes best. A wealthy silk manufacturer at Paterson, New Jersey, had specified that his house was to be white and the shutters green, leaving the color of the trimmings to be fixed on later. When everything else was finished he ordered that the trimmings be made canary yellow. At this the æsthetic house painters revolted. The reason they gave was that it would injure their employer's business to be associated with canary yellow trimmings on a white house with green blinds. The owner, thereupon, just to show that he was in earnest, insisted on canary yellow paint two shades brighter than at first. Matters came to a deadlock. The owner, like Shylock, stood for justice and his bond. The Painters' and Decorators' Union backed up its men in refusing to damage the reputation of their employer. There seems to be virtues undreamed of in trades unions; and truly the cause of the arts and the crafts is making progress. The time may even come when a dyer of silks will know that canary yellow does not go with white and green. And the professors of fine arts in the future may point to the Union of Painters and Decorators in Paterson, New Jersey, as the hero who has tamed the wildest nightmares of the American landscape.

The Lesson of Russia in Manchuria

IN A NATION, as in an individual, the arteries extend to the farthest extremity. It is as easy to bleed to death at an extremity as at a wound in the vitals.

If we should set the Philippines up in business for themselves, and if immediately thereafter we should have a war with some great Power, should we be glad or sorry we did not have them?

Contempt of the Law

IT HAS been said that every man is a free trader—after he gets his own interests protected. In the same way every man is a good citizen—in all the laws that do not conflict with his plans or his comfort.

One of the Justices of the Supreme Court has recently pleaded for a larger observance of law from the pleasure of performing a civic duty and not from the sense of mere compulsion.

It is not a new thought. It has been emphasized by the great men of all ages. Cicero, in a noble passage, pictured the upright man, "who does not submit to the laws from fear, but pays obedience and respect to them because he considers that this is the most proper course."

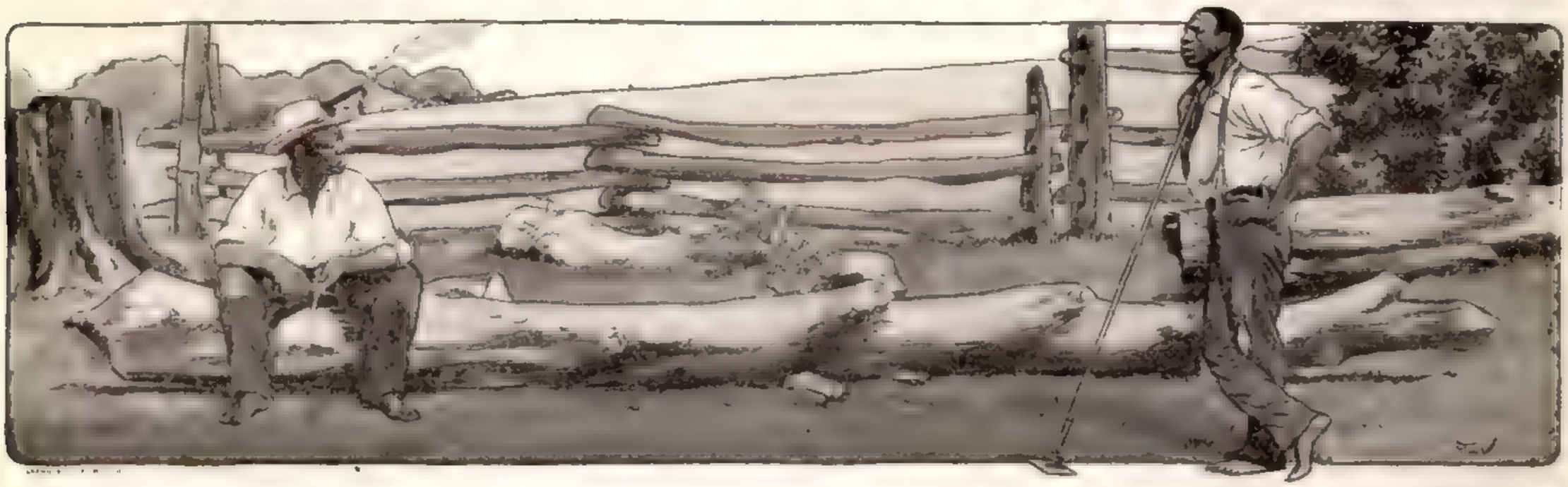
It is undeniable that one of the greatest dangers of the times is the laxity of popular sentiment in regard to observance of the law. But it might not be right to argue from this that the individual is on the down grade. Law has grown weaker from the same reason that familiarity breeds contempt.

There are too many laws. Congress, the State Legislatures and the other law factories turn out each year more new statutes than the best-intentioned citizen can keep track of. The manufacturer, the merchant, the transportation man meets petty regulations at every turn of his efforts to accomplish results. In a moment of discouragement or of anger even the best sometimes lays aside his principles and yields to graft or becomes an open violator in order to carry out a simple business project. The universal excuse of every boodle scandal is that it had to be done in that way or not at all. It is called practical business.

But really it is not practical. A penalty inevitably follows. No amount of gain can compensate the loss in character or proper pride. Lawbreaking, even from what is generally called necessity, is still lawbreaking—the transgression of those lines of duty laid down by the duly authorized agencies of the Government.

Our highest form of citizenship, therefore, is that practiced by the man who sticks to the law because he recognizes in it moral obligation, because he bows to it from his own wishes and judgment. For such a one there is satisfaction far greater than wealth or power secured by reprehensible means. "Even Fortune herself, which is said to have the greatest power, gives way to him: as the wise poet has said, 'A man's fortune has its form given to it by his habits,'" declared Cicero.

Has the Free Negro Failed?



What Forty Years of Independence Have Brought Him

By Rebecca Harding Davis

FOR seven years we have visited, every winter, a lonely little inn for sportsmen on the western coast of Florida. You reach it after days of travel through the poorest districts of the South. In Alabama, Georgia and Florida you pass through interminable forests of pine trees, most of which are girdled, dying or dead. Now and then you come to a wretched little "cl'arin'," with a few coal-black negroes lounging in the doors of the huts, with nothing apparently to do in life but to wave a friendly greeting to the train. The ground is yellow with millions of the little sand-hills thrown up by the wood-rats or gophers. What if these hidden myriads of hungry rats should some night attack th hungry negroes, you think, shuddering, as the train rushes on, leaving them in the great, solitary woods alone together.

The west coast of Florida, you find when you reach it, has in certain quarters a motionless, melancholy, tropical beauty of its own which seems to put it outside of our brisk, up to-date United States. It does not change from year to year. There are the broad, shining bays debouching into the Gulf They scarcely move. The alligators hide in the mud of their banks—the fish literally leap out of the creeping water. The little islands with their plumes of feathery palms are always the same, so are the great live oaks, draped with funereal moss, that line the banks. Beyond them stretch the "hum mocks," or swamps and forests, filled with small game and deer. In the wilder parts the bear and panther still hide Through the thin herbage that covers the coral rock which passes itself off as Mother Earth in this part of the world creep the moccasin and copperhead. Even in winter the jasmine trails her yellow blossoms over the trees, and magnolias light their white lamps in the thick woods.

The beauty of the place, you think, is too weird and unchanging, too melodramatic to be quite real. You feel that you have lost yourself in some enchanted, disreputable suburb of the world. Somewhere, you are sure, it abuts upon hell

But I did not set out to paint a fanciful picture for you of Nature in Florida, but to give you a fact or two about the human nature there—facts which are not at all fanciful but most ugly realities.

Before the Civil War this quarter of the coast was a great sugar plantation. The owner was a leader in Congress and in the Confederate army. He has long been dead. His slaves, when freed, scattered—nobody knew or cared where. Some of them remained on the plantation and squatted in the swamps or woods, building themselves huts in which their grandchildren now live. There are tens of thousands of negroes in the Gulf States who are the descendants of field hands, and it is of them and their condition that I wish to speak here a few plain words.

White Americans in the North are just now a little tired of the everlasting, insoluble negro problem, and are tempted to drop it, to let the black folk settle it for themselves—work out their own salvation or damnation as they choose.

The majority of negro leaders hold that there are two things essential, first of all, for the uplifting of their race: education and the right of suffrage.

But surely, when a man has sunk to the level of the brute, his first chance of manhood lies in the quickened desire in him not to be a brute, to work, to make a home for himself, his wife and children, and to live in it honestly and decently.

Booker Washington, by the simple, rational method of providing self-respecting work for them, is lifting thousands of his race out of brutality to manhood.

Understand me. I do not question the fact that education is a mighty lever in the hands of a human being, or that suffrage is an inestimable blessing to the man who casts his vote intelligently and does not sell it for twenty-five cents or a drink of gin.

But how first to make these men human and intelligent? What is to be done with these idle millions of negroes in the Gulf States?

Look at the plain facts. Take these villages in Florida and the cotton States, made up, as I said, of the descendants of field hands. In many of them is neither school nor church—nor ever has been, either. These blacks live from hand to mouth. They seine or hunt, beg or steal. Northern capitalists come down here enthusiastic about cheap negro labor, and put them into mills, phosphate works and the like. They are good for two days' work in the week; the other five they live on their wages, gorge and sleep. Why not? What do they know that is better? Then the Northern capitalist brings down white labor and declares "nothing can be done for the negro."

In one of the poorest hamlets in Florida a Sunday-school was started lately by some good Christian folk for the children of the fishermen

"And the colored children?" I asked

"Oh!" cried the superintendent, shuddering, "if a black child should come in that door every white would walk out of it! Oh, no! We keep the niggers out!"

This missionary was a Pennsylvanian, by the way.

They have virtually been kept "out" since the days of slavery. What is the result? What are they? They are blacker than their yellow kinsfolk in the North; they are not so shrewd or imitative. But they are kindlier, more affectionate and courteous, and, I cannot but think, show stronger brain power when their brains have a chance to work. Sometimes they make the chance. I know one man, coal black, illiterate, who "stole the trade" of a carpenter, worked at odd jobs in an Alabama town, and ended by being a builder, prosperous and respected. I know a jet-black boy of twenty-two who cannot read or write, but who has for years managed a small hotel, bought the provisions, controlled the work and looked after the guests

One negro who acted as guide for the Northern sportsmen decided to "do better for himself," went into the interior and started a melon-patch on an acre of ground which cost him a few dollars. But he planted only the rarest and best kinds of cantaloups and with his own hands packed them for the market

His Northern friends furnished him with the names of the dealers in New York who sold choice fruit. He carries on the same business to-day, and still oversees every detail of it, from the planting of the seed to the packing of the melon; but his fruit is sought for by the best dealers, and his capital is rated at over $100,000.

Another negro has built himself a snugly-furnished little cabin on an island below Tampa. There his wife and babies live, clean, comfortable and happy, while Otho makes a good income by trading in alligator and otter skins.

Last winter a man was lynched in a neighboring hamlet to us, and this year another in one still nearer—both for good cause.

But what will you have? No man has cared for their souls. When men and women are left for generations to herd together like brutes they will act like brutes. Who is to blame?

A great deal of philosophic nonsense is talked about "inferior races," "racial antagonism," "inherent difference in human types." The fact is, as all history shows to us, that a race or a family acquires its character through the treatment it receives from the world. The original Bourbon, for instance, was not more selfish, or cruel, or voluptuous than other men. But when his family were set apart and worshiped for centuries, while five millions of people slaved and starved that they might indulge the passions of beasts in their gilded cages, they became beasts.

What has black Toby to do, left here idle to live like an animal in his hut in the swamps with the wood-rats, but indulge the passions of an animal?

No observer with ordinary common-sense can come into actual contact with these people and not feel that what they need now, to-day, is the desire to work and the chance to work

Education is not the most urgent necessity of life for them now, nor even the right to vote. These, it may be, are blessings for to-morrow. Simply to know how to read and write does not change a brute into a man. And as for the right of suffrage

For more than a century it has been justly denied to more than thirty millions of white educated Americans, who have well served their country and their God without it. The majority of them have wisely decided that they do not want it

We women, at least, need not wring our hands in despair at the legislation which keeps Toby away from the polls a year or two longer.

The one thing that he wants to-day, as I said, is work.

An institution like Tuskegee or Hampton in the lower South would accomplish good results. Still more effective would be the promulgation of Mr. Washington's scheme of the working of small tracts by individual owners.

True, the negro in Mississippi who is able to grow one bale of cotton usually mortgages it, before it is planted, to the village storekeeper for his year's food and clothes. That is cruel enough. But, after all, he is fed and clothed. He is not drunk. It is not he who is lynched

Mechanics are needed in all parts of the South, and the negro is not there barred out from work by the trades unions. Many of the finest buildings going up now in Southern cities are in the hands of negro workmen. They have ten chances of work in Charleston or Jacksonville to one in Philadelphia.

The black problem in the Gulf States will not be solved by any one sweeping act of legislation or political strategy. It is the individual negro that must be taught to work, to be honest, to be Christian. They are an imitative race. Virtue is quite as contagious among them as the smallpox.

This childish folk need to be taught the first lessons of life, which we teach to children: not to read or to vote but to stand on their feet, to use their hands, to help themselves.

Here is a great work which, it seems to me, is waiting for the young negro men and women who have had college training: surely a more wholesome, higher task in life than the pouring out of morbid essays or poems in which they bewail the injustice of Fate in giving them colored skins.

SEQUIL, OR THINGS WHITCH AINT FINISHED IN THE FIRST

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

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JULY 19, 186— we fellers is going to have a swiming mach. they is going to be prises for the feller whitch can dive the best, and for the feller whitch can swim the fastest, and for the feller whitch can swim the furtherest under water, and for the feller whitch can flote the best without wigling his arms and legs. i bet i will beat sum of the fellers, most of the fellers can beat me rassling or nocking of hats or running or gumping but i bet i will show them sumthing when we come to race in swiming. i practised today diving until my head aked feerful.

JULY 20, 186— the race is to be next Wensday. They is Pewt and Beany and Fatty Gilman and Fatty Melcher. Boog and Whack and Puzzy was going to race but they wanted to have it at sandy bottum and we fellers wanted to have the diving mach at the oak and the swiming under water at the gravil becaus it is wider there, and so they was mad and woodent come in. Ennyway sandy bottum isent wide enuf and you cant tell whether a feller is swiming one foot on buttum. today I went in 7 times. ferst i practised swiming fast bullfrog fashion. next i practised side stroak, next i practised swiming under water i swum 5 times acros at the gravil then i practised floteing, but i cant flote without keeping my hands moving. ferst my feet sink and when I get straight up down my head goes under. then i div until my head aked like time agen. i feel prety tired tonite.

JULY 21, 186— rany as time. I only went in swiming 2 times today and i dident dive enny. I only practised swiming fast and floteing. I coodent flote. in every boys book of sports and amuzements it says throw yourself on your back and throw your head back and hold your breth and you will not drownd until asistance reeches you. so I tride it today but i coodent hold my breth more than 1 minit and as soon as i let out my breth down i went unless i kep my hands moving. so what the man whitch rote that book said aint so unless asistance comes in 1 minit.

JULY 22, 186— brite and fair and hot as time. Pewt thinks he is going to beat me swiming. i gess he will find out.

JULY 23, 186— today was sunday and i coodent practise swiming or diving, darn it.

JULY 24, 186— brite and fair. i only went in swiming 2 times today, once this morning and once this afternoon, but I staid in all the morning and all the afternoon so I coodent go in more than 2 times. the race is day after tomorrow.

JULY 25, 186— brite and fair. today we went up to Pewts and we aranged about the prises. Pewt was to give the prises. the prise for swiming fast was a bag of erly apples from Pewts garden. the prise for swiming under water was a gewsharp and the prise for the best diver was a cain fishing pole and the prise for floteing was a arrow rifle. we all give 5 cents eech to buy the cain pole. the gewsharp was one whitch Pewt had and the arrow rifle Pewt had made So Pewt he said as long as he give 3 of the prises he was to have the say about whitch beat.

JULY 26, 186— brite and fair. the fellers plaid a meen trick on me today. the meenist I ever see. i wont ever speak to enny of them agen. this morning we had the race. ferst we had the fast race. we started at the oak and swum down to the gravil. i was as far as from here to Beanys house ahead. so i got the apples. Fatty Melcher was next and Pewt was next and Beany and Fatty Gilman got tired and went ashore. next we had the floteing mach. Fatty Gilman floted the longest and then Beany becaus he was fat two and then Pewt and then Fatty Melcher and then me. i was the wirst and the fellers all howled at me. so Fatty Gilman he got the arrow rifle. i dont cair. then we went back to the oak to have the diving mach. after we had div Beany and Fatty Melcher they said i div the best and Pewt and Fatty Gilman said Pewt div the best. then Pewt giv himself the prise becaus he had the say. i was prety mad. then we went down to the gravil to have the swiming under water mach so i went ferst and i swum from the going in place on Moltons field to the elm tree on old Nat Gilmans side and when i come up and looked round they wasent enny fellers ennywhere. so i swum back prety lively and my close was gone and the apples and the gewsharp and the fellers two. so i dident know what to do. i thougt they had hid the close and i hunted in the buches but i dident find them. so I wated a long time and bimeby i heard sum oars and I looked and i saw a bote with a feller and 2 girls, so i coodent holler and i hid behind a tree. so they went by and then i come out and i walked back to the oak and when i got there I found sum girls picking dasies and i lay down behind the fence and just then a hornet stung me 2 times and I yelled and gumped rite up and danced round before i thougt and then I see them and i hipered back to the gravil, they hipered two the other way you bet. well i set there in the shade for a long time until i got kind of cold and then i set in the sun. i thougt sum of the fellers wood come in swiming, but nobody come. i knowed if i wated til dark i cood get home all rite, only i wood get a licking for scaring the folks most to deth for they wood think i was drownded. well jest then I heard sum fellers talking up by the oak and i went up and there was Potter Goram and Chick Chickering. they had been fishing and had cougt sum buly pikeril. well i holered to them and they come down where i was and i told them about the meen trick the fellers had plaid on me and Potter he said he wood go home for sum close and he give me his jaket and then he hipered acros the field and me and Chick began to fish and I cougt a pirch and a eal and Chick he cougt 2 roach. then Potter he come back with my best close and so i coodent fish enny more. so i went home in my best close. when i went by Pewts he holered Plupy has got on his best close. I dident say ennything. so when i got home mother asked me about it and i told her, it want telltaily eether. so mother she told me to go up to Pewts for my close and i said if Pewt took them he cood bring them back and Beany and Fatty two. so at super father he asked me why i had got on my best close and i told him and he said if Pewt dident bring those close back in about 5 minits he wood go up and boot him down to our house and back agen and jest then Mister Purington came into the yard holding Pewt by the ear. Pewt he had the close and Mister Purington he nocked at the door and he asked for me and when i come to the door he made Pewt give me the close and then he told Pewt to tell me he was sorry for what he had done, and Pewt he dident want to say it, but Mister Purington most lifted Pewt of the ground by the ear, and then Pewt he said he was sorry kind of mad like and Mister Purington lifted him up agen till Pewt he stood on his tiptoes and his face was all onesided and his eyes all squinty, and then he had to say it over agen polite. and then Mister Purington he led Pewt home all the way by the ear. I thougt i shood die. it sirved Pewt jest rite. father laffed when i told him how the hornet stung me and how the girls hipered.

JULY 27, 186— brite and fair. Pewt cant go out of the yard today. i dident speak to Beany.

JULY 28, 186— brite and fair. i am going with Potter and Chick Chickering instead of Pewt and Beany. we went butterflying today.

JULY 29, 186— brite and fair. nothing to wright today.

JULY 30, 186— thunder storm rite after church. I wish it had been rite before.

JULY 31, 186— tonite a man come down to see father and said i had gumped up behind a fence without my close on and scart his girls. he was stoping at the beach and they come up to Mager Blakes hotel. well father called me in and i told the man all about it and bimeby he begun to laff and he said it was a prety meen trick on me and he shook hands with me and he was glad i dident do it a purpose only he was sorry i got stung.

AUG. 1, 186— me and Potter and Chick went fishing. Chick fell of little river brige with his close on. Potter caugt a whacking snaping tirtle. he gave it to Sam Dire and he cut his head of, after it was cut of it wood bite a stick. Sam says it wont die til the sun goes down. he says that if you cut a snake in 2 peaces it will come together agen and heel up and be as good as ever. me and Potter is going to try it.

AUG. 2, 186— big thunder shower last nite. we all got up and lit lamps and set round in our nite sherts. we lit all the lamps we cood find so we coodent see the litening father kept telling funny stories, but mother and Aunt Sarah was scart and told him he hadent aught to joke when enny minit he might be struck by litening. father he said he dident beleave the litening wood strike him enny quicker for not being scart of it then it wood if he gumped and hollered o lord every time it litened. well after a while it only littened way of and we went to bed.

AUG. 3, 186— I havent spoke to Beany yet or to Pewt eether.

AUG. 4, 186— this morning it was Friday. we have fish chowder Fridays: i don't like it and so i drink milk, and father wanted the milkman to go down celler to try some of his vinegar. mother hangs the wash boiler and the tin pans and iron kittles in the celler way and when ennyone whitch is tall goes down celler he has to stupe down so not to nock down the pans and kittles

so father he was down celler and he holered for the milkman to come down and when he went down he hit his head aginst the boiler and nocked it down and all the kittles and pans tumbled down on his head and went banging down into the celler and you never heard such a feerful noise. father was mad as time, but after the milkman was gone we all laffed as if we wood die. mother and Aunt Sarah had to set down they laffed so.

AUG. 5, 186— me and Cawcaw Harding has got a new way of fishing for pikerel when we are in a bote. one of us padles the bote and the other skips for pikerel. when you try to pull a pikerel into a bote most half of the time he goes over the bote into the water, so when me and Cawcaw fishes when the feller whitch is skiping gets a bite he lets him have it a minit and the feller whitch is padling the bote padles towards the shore and then the feller whitch is skiping gumps rite out as soon as the water aint over his head and gives a big yank, and the pikeril goes saling into the field. sometimes when it is woods the line gets tangled all up in a tree and we have to shin up the tree or cut it down to get the pikeril. we get prety wet but we dont cair. we always ring out our close when we get done fishing and they is most dry when we get home.

AUG. 6, 186— brite and fair. today after sunday school Beany he came over and we made up. this was the longest time I ever was mad with Beany. i am glad we aint mad enny more. father let me go to ride with Mister Watson and Beany this afternoon. we went down to the beach and took our lunchun. when we was coming home me and Beany got most asleep and our legs got asleep two, so Mister Watson he told us to get out and walk a little and we wood be all rite and when we got out he whiped up his horse and drove of lively and made me and Beany walk most a mile. we kep awake after that you bet. i had a good time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

OLD PUT

The Story of a Sunday Pigeon Hunt

BY GEORGE G. VEST

Former United States Senator from Missouri

IN 1863, whilst passing through a village in Mississippi, I was approached by a surgeon of the Confederate army with inquiry as to my name and place of nativity. As I had no special reason for withholding the desired information, I was told that my cousin, Charley S——, from Kentucky, had been badly wounded in a recent fight with the enemy and was then lying in the hospital at that place in a critical condition.

"He is badly off," said the doctor, "mentally and physically, and unless some one takes a special interest in him and in the right way he will die."

Charley and myself had been raised together but had not met for years. In early manhood our paths in life had widely diverged. I had gone to the far West, and on the breaking out of the war had entered the Confederate service from Missouri, whilst he had become a citizen of Mississippi and had been in the same service from the beginning of hostilities with the command of General Chalmers.

A very few minutes' walk brought me to the hospital where Charley lay with hundreds of other gallant fellows, waiting for the result—life or death!

The sepulchral light in the shadowy room, the half-suppressed groans of agony, the weird shapes of the Sisters of Mercy noiselessly moving from couch to couch, were not cheerful, to say the least, and when I looked down upon the poor, wan, emaciated form before me, stretched upon a cot, and realized that this was what war had left of the glad-hearted, robust friend of my boyhood, I was rather disposed to give up a few of my rights in the Territories if they would let me live peaceably in the States

"Charley," said I, "old fellow, do you know me?"

"Yes," he whispered, whilst a faint gleam of light came into his eyes; "I heard you were here and sent for you."

I sat there, and the deepening shadows came about me, the silence unbroken save by a groan, whilst memory went back to our boyhood—his and mine—the old hills and the shining river with the bridge hanging across it and the road running up and around the cliffs like a serpent and undulating through the trees and rocks, the schoolhouse and the old church with the high pulpit and the hard, hard seats, where we sat on each recurring Sabbath, with eyes fixed on the preacher, until our cervical vertebræ seemed to be parting. Oh, how we longed then to be men! What dreams of adventure, travel, war, flitted before us as "seventeenthly," "eighteenthly," and "in conclusion, my dear friends," fell from those venerable lips.

Well, we had become men and here was the end of it. A bed of agony and a soldier's death! Deeper fell the shadows and memory still lingered amidst the scenes of the far-off past. Now the cold, stern features of that austere Presbyterianism, under whose teachings we were reared, became softened by the dim twilight of the years ago. Father, mother, teacher, minister, where are they? Ask the marble gleaming in the moonlight on those Kentucky hills. And how they taught us our duty both to God and man! Hard, severe, tyrannical, we thought it then, but now, mellowed by time, we see the surpassing love which was in it all.

The mind is at times disposed to vagabondize and to dwell upon subjects utterly at variance with all our surroundings. How often in some holy place do we find unholy thoughts pressing upon us? How often with the bier and grave do we find some ludicrous idea dancing harlequin-like by our side! And so, sitting there in the gloom by the bedside of death, I actually laughed aloud as the image of Old Put came out on the canvas of the past.

Put was an old horse belonging to my father and named, from patriotic motives, after the New England hero, General Israel Putnam, whose famous gallop down a precipice in his apocryphal escape has served to illustrate every school history for fifty years and has sent that illustrious warrior down to posterity indissolubly connected with a horse. In color, Old Put was white; in disposition, amiability itself. Never in all the outrages and freaks committed upon him by whole troops of children was he ever known to exhibit the slightest impatience whilst to the old and infirm he was a palladium of safety.

Dignified, affable, and venerated both on account of his age and character, Old Put was an institution. There was nothing frivolous about him; nothing erratic. In short, he was the embodiment of Presbyterian ideas in the shape of a horse. One thing only, in his personal appearance, did not sustain his general character as it was known to all. In early life, probably while owned by some irreligious horse fancier, Put's tail had been docked and, from my earliest recollection, it presented the appearance of a ghastly weeping willow, being always carried at an angle of forty-five degrees, the white hair floating down from it like the locks of some venerable patriarch.

Now, like all boys, Charley and myself were mighty hunters, and in the fall, when wild pigeons passed over the woods of Kentucky in vast droves, we reveled in the sport of hunting. It is hardly possible to make those who were not living fifty years ago believe how vast were the flights of wild pigeons which appeared every autumn in the Middle and Western States. The larger portion of them were migrating to some locality farther south and in such numbers as to obscure the sun, their habitat in the summer months being in British and Russian America. There were, however, immense roosts in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, some of them covering thousands of acres. One famous roost was in Owen County, Kentucky, and another in Southeast Missouri, the birds hatching their young at the latter roost, where quantities of the squabs were captured by pot-hunters and shipped in barrels to restaurants and hotels in the large cities from Memphis to New York. These immense droves of wild pigeons have disappeared and the question is often asked, "What has become of them in recent years?" But no satisfactory solution has been reached.

The pigeon season lasted only for a few weeks, and every Saturday, therefore, was eagerly expected and gloriously spent. Never can we forget the sacrifices of personal property dear to our hearts, the trades and artifices and shifts of all sorts to which we resorted in order to obtain ammunition for these autumnal hunts. On one Friday afternoon, when we could look from the schoolhouse window and see drove after drove of birds darkening the sky, Charley came to me with the information that he had secured by a masterly stroke of enterprise a large amount of powder, with shot in proportion, for the next day, and we proceeded to map out all the details of a hunt. The envy of every other boy in school was excited by our boasts of what we proposed to do on the morrow, and in our anticipated success we went back to past exploits, many of them imaginary.

The morrow came but, instead of the "sun of Austerlitz," the heavens were shrouded in gloom and the rain flooded the earth the long, dreary day. Moodily, desperately, Charley and I sat gazing through the streaming windows, asking each other over and over the savage questions: "What shall we do?" and "Why does it always rain on Saturday?"

We were just in that condition of mind when the devil always makes his appearance and, in a bland, respectable, gentlemanly way, as Goethe tells us, proposes some infernal scheme of ruin. On that eventful day his satanic majesty, true to his antecedents, intruded himself and prompted Charley to suggest that we slip off and go hunting the next day—Sunday.

At first the proposition was received with horror, then we discussed it with "bated breath," and finally we illustrated the truth of that much hackneyed quotation, "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien . . ." by arranging all the preliminaries. Charley was to take charge of the ordnance department and have the guns and ammunition at a certain secluded spot very early on the next morning, and I was to be responsible for the transportation and to meet him with an ancient family chaise and Old Put.

That night I crept to bed with a feeling of guilt and pretermitted my usual prayers. A dozen times I determined to abandon the unholy enterprise and, even after I fell into a troubled sleep, all sorts of spectral visions floated around me. A negro boy, whom I had suborned for the purpose, waked me at an early hour and, my courage having partially returned, I managed to secure the chaise with Old Put and met Charley

In safety, without being seen by a single person, we reached the open country, and then, elated by the prospect of a successful hunt, we proceeded to light two very large common cigars known in Kentucky as "Long Nines," and, having elevated our feet on the dashboard of the chaise, felt entirely secure, when at a sudden turn in the road we were startled by the appearance of Elder Joe Thompson on his way to church with his two maiden daughters at an unprecedentedly early hour in the morning Uncle Pomp, a white-haired negro, was driving two dignified family horses that never ventured into any faster gait than a stately walk. We knew that a crisis was upon us, for Elder Thompson belonged to the same session with our fathers, and, like all orthodox Presbyterians, felt it his duty to apprehend any children of the church loose on the Sabbath day, just as he would secure and return to their owners so many stray cattle or sheep. Instinctively feeling that the cigar I was smoking gave me a lawless and ruffianly appearance, I endeavored to thrust it into the side pocket of my coat, but unfortunately I placed it in Charley's pocket—who sat by my side—where he had deposited the powder, tied up in two wrappings of strong, thick paper. At the same moment Elder Thompson discovered the extraordinary turnout, comprising Old Put and two children of the church, out for a hunt on Sunday morning! The Thompson vehicle stopped and, as Pomp proceeded to dismount from his perch to open the carriage door, there was an explosion such as my nervous system has never experienced since. Charley and I separated immediately. He went over the fence into a meadow and I passed clear over or through the Thompson carriage—I have never been certain which. Amidst the shrieks of the Misses Thompson and the yells of the Elder and old Pomp I staggered to my feet, burning and half dead, to behold a scene of utter ruin. Both vehicles were wrecked; Pomp was in the midst of the débris and Elder Thompson looked like the captain of an exploded steamboat, but the central figure was that of Old Put. True to his military title, that venerable animal stood his ground, but terribly demoralized. He had been blown forward on his forequarters, his rump presenting the appearance of an elephant's, whilst his tail stuck straight up, bald and blackened like a charred stump after a forest fire.

Carried back in disgrace on that bright Sabbath morning, we were swathed and bandaged with cruel kindness for days afterward. Special prayers were made for us at church and prayer-meeting. All the Sunday-school scholars were brought to see us as a horrible example, whilst the doctor and minister alternated in physicking us bodily and spiritually.

But the disastrous consequence did not end here. Old Put from that day was no longer the same horse. From having been the kindest and best and safest animal in Kentucky he became the "devil's own," and at Christmas, when firecrackers began their annual fusillade, he was perfectly frantic.

"Charley, do you recollect Old Put?"

A faint ripple of laughter from the cot satisfied me there was hope for him yet.

When the surgeon came on his nightly round Charley was better, and in three days out of danger.

Maimed and disfigured for the land he loved, he married in Mississippi and has no doubt told his children the story of our Sunday pigeon hunt and Old Put.

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War News—Its Collection and Cost

It is a Losing Game for the Newspapers, but They Have to Play It

BY EDGAR MELS

ONE of the hitherto untold horrors of the Russo-Japanese War is its cost to the newspapers the world over, conservatively estimated at $10,000,000 for the first year. Three-quarters of this great sum is being spent by the papers published in the English language, for the rest of the world—that which indulges in French and German and other foreign tongues—is not yet educated to the thrills of four-inch deep, first-page headlines, with eight lines of more or less accurate reading matter beneath. The newspapers of America and Great Britain are bearing the brunt of the expense—and are gaining absolutely nothing by it

It is a strange fact, though explicable, that during every war within the last fifty years the newspapers have suffered loss of advertising, despite the natural increase in their circulations. This is explained by the fact that the extra circulation is gained by persons who buy two or three or more papers a day, read the war news, and then throw the paper away; whereas in times of peace one paper suffices, but is read from beginning to end—the advertisements included.

That is why the publishers of newspapers dreaded the coming of the present war. They had learned the bitter lesson during the South African campaign, and when hostilities looked imminent it was with reluctance that correspondents were sent to the Far East. Each paper that was forced by reason of its prestige and circulation to send individual correspondents to the front—and some sent a dozen and the Associated Press more than one hundred—sought by means of combinations with other papers to reduce the cost to itself

In this way the London Times shared expenses with the New York Times and the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The New York Herald furnished its news to more than a hundred papers in various parts of the United States. The New York World combined with the London Daily Mail and the Philadelphia Press. The Chicago Record-Herald also syndicated its news. The Chicago Daily News, on the other hand, played a lone game, at an enormous expense, for it is one of the three papers having a private seagoing steamer, which, at a minimum, costs $1500 a week.

The financial details of the combinations settled, correspondents were selected, some because of previous experience, some because of political and financial influence, and a few because they went to the scene of the war on their own responsibility and were there at the outbreak of hostilities to be utilized

Of all the correspondents at the front—just where his own paper does not know any more than the reader—Bennett Burleigh, the war eagle of the London Daily Telegraph, is the best known. He has been in the Far East ten months, having gone there on his own responsibility.

Most of the correspondents went to Tokyo, believing that the Japanese Government would be more lenient so far as censorship was concerned than its adversary, and that news could be obtained more readily, as the Japs were the aggressors. That they erred has been proven since, though no one, not even a disgruntled correspondent, can blame the Japanese for hiding their plans—since so successfully carried out—from the enemy. As the world knows, the correspondents were kept in Tokyo for six weeks before being permitted to go to the front. In the mean time the London Times and Chicago News were reaping a news harvest with their expensive dispatch boats and wireless telegraph service

During the enforced stay in Tokyo the correspondents had to sign agreements divided into twelve sections, by which they were to be governed while at the front. To begin with, no one who had not been actively employed in newspaper work for a year could go, the Japanese Government not caring to furnish experience for amateurs. Each correspondent had to take an interpreter with him, as all dispatches must be translated into Japanese before being submitted to the censor. Correspondents were permitted to have one servant apiece and had to agree to wear European clothing, with a band of white cloth on the left sleeve, with the name of their paper on it in Japanese in red ink. Paragraph 13 had an ominous sound: "If a war correspondent violates the criminal law, or law for the preservation of military secrets, he may be punished according to military law, by court-martial."

Having signed the necessary agreement and having obtained permission to go to the front, the correspondents prepared their accoutrements, according to individual ideas as to what was wanted—these ideas ranging from fur sleeping-bags to khaki uniforms and from hardtack to pickles. Then the correspondents disappeared from view, neither they nor the home offices knowing where they were going, when they would arrive or where they could be reached by wire. An impenetrable veil of censorship was dropped and—the newspaper proprietors figured up the cost.

Then, one day, toward the end of April, came a message to various papers

In the field first army Kuroki Yalu fighting expected. MCKNIGHT.

It had been filed at Chefoo and, translated, meant

"I am somewhere along the Yalu, but am not permitted to name the location, the censor having cut out numerous interesting and important details. The first army is about to cross the river and is commanded by General Kuroki."

Various similar messages followed, until, at midnight of May 1, a cable arrived which stirred every newspaper office in the United States to instantaneous action:

Kuroki's army cross Yalu severe fighting wins big victory

That was all, but it meant as much as though the correspondent, somewhere in Southern Manchuria, had wired a column—it meant that the land campaign had begun in earnest and that at last the correspondents would earn their salaries.

How the correspondent gathers his news and sends it to the home office and how it is there knocked into shape, such as it represents when the paper is read, is fully as interesting as the news itself

The army corps to which the correspondent is attached begins its march to the objective point to which it has been assigned by the commander. The march takes place at night and in silence, the men walking in file. Hundreds of coolies, carrying ammunition, sandbags for earthworks, and camp utensils, trudge along, with the correspondents flocking together for the sake of companionship and riding with the officers.

Then the battle begins—shells whiz through the air, shrieking a noisy warning, bullets hum—the shouts of the onrushing combatants, the shrieks of the wounded, the curses of the artillery drivers, all producing a pandemonium which requires a steady head for dispassionate thought. On some elevation, so that he may better scan the field, is the correspondent, looking hither and thither through field-glasses. His interpreter tells him the names of the various regiments, their strength, their location. The correspondent makes no notes—his memory must treasure all that, for he has to move—shrapnel is bursting close to him, and discretion is the better part of valor in this instance.

At last the battle is over—the Russians are in full retreat, and while the cavalry is in pursuit the infantry is resting or helping the ambulance corps to take care of the wounded and bury the dead. Then the correspondent takes time to write his dispatch in skeleton shape, probably sitting on the body of a dead horse, or on a rock, or standing up—he has no choice, for time is precious. The dispatch finished, he must find the censor. Just where that worthy is is hard to tell, for he is an officer as well as an editor, and he may be miles away. At last he is found and the dispatch is submitted

"Most interesting and accurate," he says, and then adds deprecatingly: "You mention certain movements we expect to make tonight, and forecast some for the future. Don't you think it might be best to omit that?"

And the correspondent, who knows the necessity of keeping on the censor's good side, agrees, and the dispatch is ready to be sent to the nearest telegraph station. Now, it may be that the military telegraph is not too crowded and can be utilized, but in most instances the dispatch is to be sent by relay runners to the nearest office out of the zone of the actual hostilities, whence it is transmitted beneath leagues of sea to the news-room of the newspaper

Having reached its destination it goes to the war editor—the man who has charge of all the war news and who acts in conjunction with the managing and news editors. The war editor first supplies the words missing from the skeleton. The dispatch, for instance, may come to him in something this shape:

"Express correspondent, Nagasaki, via Shanghai Friday: Admirals Yamamato *(and)* Teregouchi *(have)* both been summoned *(to the)* imperial palace *(to)* explain *(to the)* Emperor how *(the)* Kinshiu Maru, which *(was)* sunk by *(the)* Russians at Gensan came *(to)* be allowed out without *(an)* adequate convoy. Both *(are)* severely censured. *(It is)* indicative *(of the)* popular conception *(of)* patriotism that *(the)* men who perished on *(the)* Kinshiu rather than surrender *(to the)* Russians are glorified as *(the)* heroes *(of the)* war, whereas *(the)* officer who committed hari-kari on *(the)* deck *(of the)* sinking ship is *(the)* most popular idol *(of)* them all. On *(the)* other hand, *(the)* men who sensibly accepted *(the)* Russian invitation *(to)* surrender are regarded *(here)* as cowards. *(The)* popularity *(of)* suicide in Japan *(is)* almost unbelievable, *(and the)* more modern Japanese *(are)* making serious efforts *(to)* combat this survival *(of the)* ancient custom *(of)* hari-kari, *(and are)* endeavoring *(to)* convince *(their)* countrymen that *(the)* popularity *(of)* self-destruction *(is)* likely *(to)* result *(in)* Japanese defeat and tends toward national *(race)* suicide."

This done, he takes his maps—and good maps of Manchuria are almost unobtainable—and consults them concerning the spelling of names. And here arises a difficulty so far unsolved—every map, every gazeteer, spells Manchurian and Korean names differently. Some have "Newchwang," others "Neuchang," still others "Newchfang," and so on. Each paper usually has its own system of spelling, although many adhere to the schedule issued by the Associated Press at the beginning of the war.

When the dispatch is finally ready for the printer it is submitted to the news editor, and, if approved by him, is sent to the managing editor. This is necessary, that its relative news value may be decided, for it is this that determines its location in the paper and the size of the headlines and the type used. A mere skirmish would probably go on some inside page with a small head. A big battle, such as Kuroki's crossing of the Yalu, is in most cases set in extra large type, two columns wide, and with from two to five columns wide headlines.

The financial side of the correspondence is also interesting. Summed up it is:

WEEKLY EXPENSES

200 correspondents, at $75 each	$15,000
200,000 words, at 50 cents	100,000
200 interpreters, at $10 each	2,000
200 servants, at $5 each	1,000
Food for 600, at $15 each	9,000
Feed for 600 horses	2,000
Relay runner	500
Three dispatch boats	4,500
Total per week	$134,000

This means $6,968,000 a year, but to this must be added the $200,000 needed to get the correspondents from the home office to the front and enough in incidental expenses unforeseeable to bring the total up to a full $10,000,000 for the first year.

There are at a minimum two hundred correspondents at the front. They receive from fifty dollars a week and expenses up to five hundred a week, though men who get the latter figure are very scarce. During the Boer War the British papers were literally swamped with offers from experienced men who were willing to go to the front for fifty dollars a week, and it has been the same in this war. Many newspaper men are willing to do this from love of adventure; others remember that they can easily sell a book of the war after peace is declared; whilst still others have to go because they are ordered to

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Each of these correspondents sends on an average 1000 words a week, though, in the majority of instances, not one-half of what he sends gets into print, for it often arrives days after being sent, when the news is stale and more important news has arrived. Cable rates, even for press messages, are high, and must be prepaid. This forces the newspapers to establish credits with banks at the various points where a message is liable to be filed. The rate from Chefoo, the only port open to correspondents where there is no censorship, is forty-two cents to New York, whence additional tolls are exacted if it is to be sent inland. The same rate is charged from Shanghai and Tien Tsin. From Port Arthur the rate is $1.02 a word. The Tokyo rate is fifty-four cents.

Interpreters can be had for ten dollars a week and food, and servants for half that sum—which would be rank extravagance in time of peace, but is added in time of war to cover the inevitable risk and hardship. Of course, the interpreter and the servant eat comparatively little, but the correspondent, used to European fare, cannot get along on less than thirty dollars a week for sustenance, especially as all things are high in price.

The record, so far as individual outlay is concerned, is held by W. R. Hearst, who spent $50,000 a week to get the news of the Spanish War for his papers. He did not have to waste money either, for he sometimes received as much as 25,000 words a day from Cuba alone. He had four dispatch boats in commission, and swarms of correspondents with the fleets and armies.

Some Famous Beats

That correspondents are useful in other ways than those of news-getting experience has proved. During the Turko-Grecian war in 1897 Volo surrendered to Mr. Gwynne, of Reuter's agency, and G. W. Steevens, of the London Daily Mail. They drew up a proclamation demanding the surrender of the town, which was read to the scared populace by a native, and when the Turkish army arrived some hours later the papers of capitulation were already in the hands of the correspondents.

Mr. Gwynne had a similar experience in South Africa. He and Mr. Patterson, of the Sydney (Australia) Herald, rode in advance of Lord Roberts' army and entered Bloemfontein, the capital of the then Orange Free State.

"The first of the British—the first of the Roomeks," shouted the inhabitants, and they held up their hands in token of surrender. So far the situation was ludicrous, but it became embarrassing when the mayor, the landrost and the acting state secretary signified their intention of surrendering the town to the two correspondents. The matter was finally compromised by taking the officials to Lord Roberts.

Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died not long ago, first won his spurs as a war correspondent in Abyssinia. Accompanied by many veteran newspaper men, he was at the victory of Magdala. Without waiting to write his dispatch Stanley jumped on a horse and rode like mad for the coast, where he filed his story hours in advance of any other correspondent.

The greatest feat of this kind was that of Archibald Forbes, then representing the London Daily News. The occasion was the battle of Ulundi, in which the power of the Zulu King, Cetewayo, was utterly crushed, and the Zulu War of 1879, in which the French Prince Imperial was killed, ended. Lord Chelmsford, in command of the British forces, announced after the battle that he should not send the news of the victory home until the next day. Forbes rode from the battlefield at Landsman's Drift to the nearest telegraph office, one hundred miles away, through a country swarming with hostile Zulus—Lieutenant Scott-Elliott and Corporal Cotter were killed on the same path the same night. After hairbreadth escapes Forbes reached the telegraph office, and the News published the story twenty-four hours before any other paper and as long before the British Government received its advices. Forbes' dispatch was read in both Houses of Parliament and became a part of the Government record.

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The Reading Table

The Spirit of the Age

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the actor, thinks he has discovered the most grievous stroke the commercial spirit of the age has yet delivered. A favorite little grandson was recently displaying the contents of his pockets and explaining how he became possessed of each article.

"And the top—where did you get that?" asked Mr. Jefferson.

"Oh, the big boys gave me that for being it," explained the youngster.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished actor. "It?"

"Yes. When they first begin a game of tag, or hide-and-seek, or something, somebody has to be it, so they hire one of us little fellows."

"But what about 'eeny, meeny, miny, mo'?" pursued Mr. Jefferson.

"Oh, they say that takes too long. It's easier to hire an it," explained the boy.

Mr. Bangs' Source of Supply

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, the humorist, is the father of a lively boy who may yet follow in the footsteps of his parent. Not long ago Mr. Bangs wrote some paragraphs for a certain weekly, two or three of which were based more or less on sayings of this son, much to the hopeful's delight. The result was that he developed a very favorable opinion of his own importance to his father's literary labors. A neighbor calling one day about this time found the youngster swinging on the front gate.

"Hallo," said the visitor; "is your father at home?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Where is he?"

"In the library, writing down the funny things I say."

An $1800 Office Boy

THE millionaire of the Sunday papers has automobiles, town houses and country seats, a string of racehorses, a daughter with a European title and an eighteen-carat full-jeweled personality. He isn't the only kind of millionaire, however. One of the residents in "millionaires' row" in upper Fifth Avenue is a distinct variation from type, and leads one to doubt the power of money to corrupt real American character. This millionaire is sixty-eight years old, and rated "A1" in Dun.

He made his "pile" in a Western city after serving as a captain in the Confederate army. His mansion in "the row" cost $300,000, yet he lives simply on a rather expensive plane.

Long ago he learned that faithful service is the most difficult thing to obtain in this world. Getting money is infinitely easier. There will always be plenty of money, he says, but men are scarce; so when he finds the right man he pays liberally—not in kind words or "prospects," but in good, substantial coin.

This millionaire's office-boy has been with him ten years, and now draws a salary of $150 a month. His employer has not lost the sense of values, but considers Johnnie worth that much.

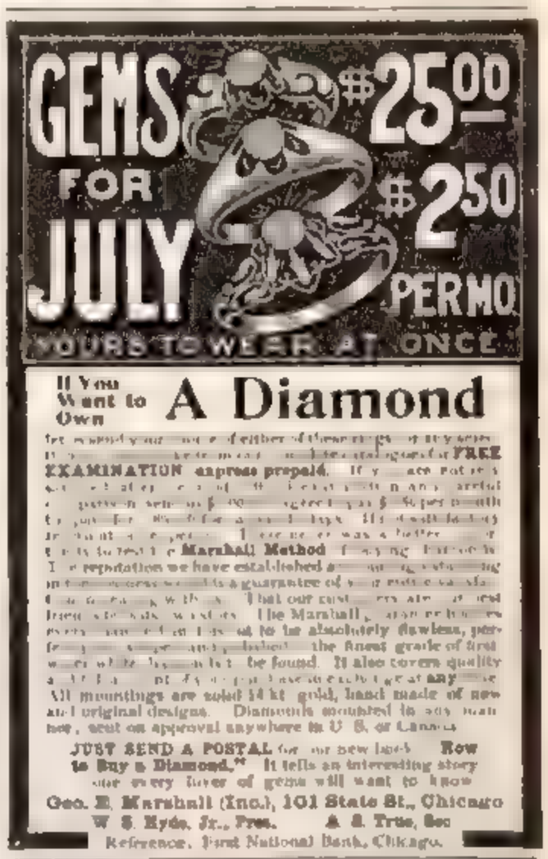
Office boys who emulate this ideal member of their tribe should keep in mind not his salary, but what he does for it. In ten years he has learned all his employer's ways and interests. He keeps track of every one who calls and of every piece of business afoot.

He knows where everything is, and has it on hand the moment it is wanted. He is quiet, sure, discreet, in the foreground when needed, in the background at other times, a lubricant when there is any friction, and always an economizer of time and nervous energy.

Money has not killed this millionaire's fine sense of democracy. In his boyhood he was taught to believe, he says, that, so long as he was honest, he was as good as any mortal alive, and that any honest mortal was as good as he.

The "lackey" side of New York touches him so little that every noon he and Johnnie shut up the office and go out to luncheon together. The nearest good eating place is the Waldorf-Astoria, so that is where they go. Every business day between twelve and one Johnnie and the boss may be seen eating their three or four dollar luncheon together, discussing "shop" or personal matters.

And, of course, the boss always pays the check.



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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

JUST as there are always in every community certain men and women who are human vagabonds, abnormal, not to be measured by ordinary laws and conventions, so you will find in every year's output of books a small proportion of freaks that are quite outside of criticism. You could not hold the Fat Woman or the Siamese Twins of the circus to account by the rules of The Manual of Good Manners, and it would be as unjust to apply the established laws of criticism to certain books which now lie on my table.

Here is one, for instance, its color a warlike red, the back decorated with three scalps. The writer, waving his pen like a bloody tomahawk, undertakes to show to the English people Anarchy as it is. He uncovers for them the powder train laid beneath them which some day, he thinks, will blow up King, Lords and Commons.

He does it in a gay, frisky humor, calling his book A Girl Among the Anarchists, by Isabel Meredith *(Duckworth & Co., London)*.

Isabel tells her own story. She is a young woman of good birth, large fortune and great personal beauty. She is converted by Russian anarchists, leaves her home in Fitzroy Square, where she dwells alone in great splendor, to live in rat-haunted, grimy garrets, edits the most incendiary newspaper in London, gives all of her money to support her comrades, a gang of Russian and Italian thieves and murderers, and to keep them out of prison. She drinks, smokes and runs the streets at night with them, stopping to describe the loathsome filth of their habits, their clothes infested with vermin, their feasts of cat-meat stewed in vinegar, with a minute but nauseating frankness. She insists upon her own delicacy and good breeding, showing how superior her language is to the "jaw" of her comrades, or hurling an occasional oath at them with a vigor which certainly does jar upon our conception of a shy, high-bred English girl.

Mr. Morley Roberts, who, as some of our readers may remember, has been an English bushman in Australia, a sailor before the mast, and is now the author of two or three dozen popular novels, writes a preface in which he assures us that Isabel is a real woman, still in the flesh, known to him, and the story the recital of her actual experience.

Be that as it may, the book is worthy of attention, as it is without doubt a candid statement of the present condition of the anarchist in England by some comrade—man or woman—who has eaten and drunk with them and conspired with them against property owners and decent folk, secretly loathing and despising them all the while.

Here is a strange little volume with the same subject, but from another point of view: From the Abyss. Of its inhabitants, by one of them *(R. Brimley Johnson, London)*.

During the progress of the Boer War a public day of rejoicing was ordered in England. Hordes of the lowest class for the first time surged into London and took possession of it in broad daylight. "Our streets were congested with a weird and uncanny people," says the writer of this book. "They poured in dense black masses from the Eastern railways, they streamed across the bridges from the marshes and desolate places beyond the river; they hurried up in incredible numbers through tubes sunk in the bowels of the earth, emerging like rats from a drain, blinking in the sunshine. The richest city in the world was in the hollow of their hand. They could have looted and destroyed, plundered and razed it to the ground. They brushed the police away like an elephant dispersing flies. At night we left them a packed and sodden multitude howling beneath the stars. We woke in the morning, and lo! they had gone, vanished as a dream. 'He who has seen a ghost,' said Cardinal Newman, 'can never be the same again.' We have seen the ghost.

"It was the creeping into conscious existence of the innumerable population bred in the Abyss."

This book is an attempt to uncover this seething pit, "the stagnant aggregation of neglected humanity" in England. The writer has lived in it for years; some poor missionary, I suspect, who went down into the Abyss with his little candle, expecting to light the whole vast darkness, and has come out with no light in his hand.

The trait of the book most startling to an American is the absolute frankness with which the life of the English poor—both laborers and criminals—is laid bare. We see their ignorance and corruption, their dull, hopeless content, "the commonplaceness, the aching monotony, the uncouth, monstrous ugliness of it all." No American would dare so to lay bare the condition, physical or moral, of any of our working or even our criminal class. You touch your hat when you come near them. You never forget that they have votes. The coming election always has a soothing influence on our public manners.

But this critic is brutal in his candor. He shows us the English pauper and laboring man very much as the showman does the orang-outang when he drags him to his feet in the cage. "You will observe," he says, "how like a human being the poor beast is!" and then with a poke of his club lets the brute drop and wallow in the filth again.

No American can visit London without seeing glimpses of this vast uncovered pit of crime and misery. There are literally millions of able-bodied men and women in the East End, idle and hungry, and within twenty minutes' walk are the banks, the magnificent shops, the unguarded palaces of Belgravia.

Nothing stands between but an unarmed policeman and the spectre of the law.

This little book puts the question with more force than ever has been done before: "How long will the spectre and the uplifted empty hand of a policeman suffice to keep the beasts from their prey?"

Mr. Jack London's book, The People of the Abyss (noticed by us before), differs from this in the essential fact that it is written by a professional observer, who views the crawling multitudes from the outside.

This little book is a cry out of the deep from one who has lived in it. The only remedy that he can find for its unimaginable horrors lies vaguely in the "Pity of God."

Mr. Jack London's cure is that the half-million well-to-do folk in England shall at once make an equal division of their earnings or inheritance with the paupers and thieves in the East End, share and share alike.

The true solution of the problem lies in some more practical remedy than either of these.

There is a certain relief in turning from the human degenerates creeping on the earth in these books to the doings in the air of ghosts and witches. Mr. John Gregorson Campbell, who gave much of his life to the study of those strange creatures whom science does not recognize, but who, in the tradition and belief of all nations, prowl unseen in every quarter of the earth, gives an account of his discoveries concerning them in a stout volume called Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands *(MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow)*.

Mr. Campbell's researches into the haints and manners of the tribes of hobgoblins, seers, witches and walking corpses are reported to us with as serious and calm gravity as though they were clans of stout Scotch or irritable Welshmen. He does not wink aside at us when he tells us of young women now living in Tiree who take the shapes of gulls or whales, or of old ones who make an end of cancers and leprosy which have defied the doctors by a pinch of the ashes of a cat's tail or a sip of the twice blessed milk of an ass. When he repeats the accounts of strange cries that were heard on a desolate reef off the Orkneys the night before a storm in which a ship went down, or of the howling of dogs before a death, he does not smile knowingly, but adds gravely that the cries were in the English tongue, and that the ship which was wrecked the next day was from England, and that dogs are well known to be able to see spectres.

This is much better art in a story-teller than the usual apologetic smirk with which superstitions are related. His simple statement of these strange, inexplicable happenings has its effect at last upon the reader. A wideawake American holds it to be unmanly to believe in anything in the universe that cannot give a rational account of itself on call. But as he wanders deeper into the haunted gloom of this book, shouldered at every turn by unexplained mysteries, he begins to wonder whether there may not, after all, be ranks upon ranks of living creatures, "neither beast nor human," ranging between man and the animal, just as there are angels, principalities and powers between man and God.

The making of a successful book, by the way, awaits somebody with Gregorson Campbell's knowledge and astuteness who will trace the almost universal superstitions of the world back to their source. The belief in the evil eye, for instance, is shared by the Congo negro with the descendants of the oldest Etruscan nobility. Pio Nona was as much an object of dread as reverence to his Italian children, who believed that he had the *mal occhio*. The faith that there is good luck in the shape of a horseshoe can be found among the Zuni Indians as well as in your Irish blacksmith. It goes back to the worship of the Egyptian goddess Pasht, who, before Noah was born, bore the horned crescent on her forehead. Strange secrets of the development of humanity lie in these fantastic old superstitions which come creeping down from age to age.

The majority of abnormal books lately given to the public throw a light into those dark, unknown regions from whence comes the human mind or soul, as you choose to call it. They treat of degeneracy, hypnotism, insanity, and the like.

Mr. Gregorson Campbell's book is much more cheerful and actual. One feels that it is easier to understand and live in fellowship with a young woman who on occasion turns into a whale or a gull than the soul of a great genius as introduced to us by these learned doctors, with its mysterious secret growth—or corruption—through many generations. When you come to the mind of man, its unknown beginnings and unknown endings, you have reached the unsolved, ultimate secret of Time. Witches and the dead who come out of their graves now and then to walk at night are commonplace, prosaic matters of fact beside it. How much does any man understand of himself—the thing that he calls I? What does he know of his old progenitors, dead hundreds of years ago, who gave him this or that trait or faculty? Back in the depths of his being, too, lie passions and longings, like beasts sleeping in their dens, which perhaps never waken in his lifetime. Whence did they come? What have they to do with him when he does not know that they are there? What will they do hereafter, he being dead?

These are the kind of questions which Dr. William Hirsch undertakes to answer in his Genius and Degeneration *(D. Appleton & Co.)*.

Doctor Hirsch, with English readers, labors under the disadvantage of a wretched translation. The young man or woman who has assumed the task gives us the learned German's guesses at truth in ungrammatical, slangy English, and even undertakes to render some of Goethe's noblest poems into jaunty rhymes.

The German alienist throws very little light into the mysterious land to which he leads us. Pope told us long ago that

> Genius and madness, sure, are near allied,
> And thin partitions do the bounds divide;

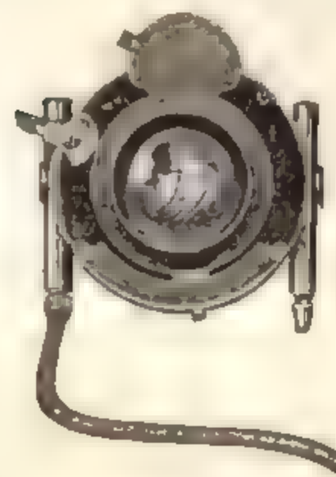
and Doctor Hirsch through many chapters of his book only points out the extreme thinness of the partitions.

He borrows largely from Lombroso, who, after all, has, so far, spoken the last word on psychology. Doctor Hirsch holds to the old belief that the work of genius is done unconsciously.

He quotes Jean Paul, "Genius is a sleepwalker, and in its dream accomplishes that which one who wakens can never do."

And Schiller: "In the creating brain reason withdraws her watch at the doors and the ideas rush forth."

"The work of genius," says Schopenhauer, "is an inspiration—the work of a superhuman being who only takes possession of the person now and then."



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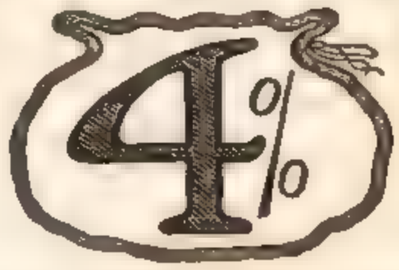

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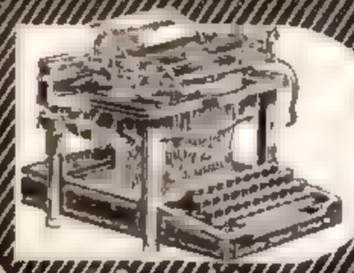

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(These teachings, by the way, are not likely to find disciples among our Western firms who "teach story and poetry writing thoroughly in a course of four lessons at a dollar each.")

According to Doctor Hirsch, genius is the twin brother of madness. But he denounces Nordau as an extremist when he classes all eccentric folk as degenerates; or, in a word, mad in different degrees.

There are chapters which treat of the hysterical epidemics of the sixteenth century, of the close alliance between art and insanity, and of psycho-pathology as illustrated by Richard Wagner's work: all interesting matter enough, but in no sense new. No fresh light is thrown upon the mysterious region through which the good doctor carries his little lantern. He impresses us as a kindly but short-sighted observer.

The Psychology of Reasoning, by Dr. Alfred Binet (*The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago*), is a little book which grapples with no great problems but states briefly the result of certain experiments in hypnotism, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Doctor Binet is director of Physiological Psychology in the Sorbonne. He is the author of several other little books which deal with mysterious mental phenomena—double-consciousness, the psychic life of micro-organisms, etc., etc. Like Mr. Campbell, he has the advantage of the narrator who has no doubt of the wonders he describes. We every-day folk scent trickery when we are told of hypnotism or other modern miracles, but to the psychologist they are but waves of the sea of mystery which ebbs and flows around us from birth till death.

Here is a book with a cheerful, bright green cover, decorated by triumphant American flags, which promises to bring us back to wholesome every-day life. It is The Americanization of the World, by W. T. Stead (*Horace Markley, London and New York*).

But we soon find that in another way the book is as abnormal as the others.

Mr. Stead we all know. He is *sui generis*. He stands like the Eddystone lighthouse on a rock, a foundation all his own, in the midst of surging seas of doubt and disbelief. He firmly believes that he is there by divine appointment for the help of shipwrecked, drowning humanity. In this latest volume he announces for the world's relief that in the early future all nations will become Americanized. In proof of this he calls our attention to the fact that England derives her power from the great self-governing colonies which encircle the world, and that every one of these colonies, without a single exception, though rejoicing in the shelter of the Union Jack and enthusiastically loyal to the sovereign, has organized its Constitution on American as opposed to English lines.

Next he assures us that the Irish people "never have been and are not now proud of British citizenship. They loathe it." He has little doubt that before long Ireland will apply for admission to the Union; ditto, the South African Republics, "just coerced at the cost of 20,000 lives and one thousand million dollars to submit to English dominion." He cites other colonies which he considers to be disaffected—"diseased members of the Empire": the British West Indies, Australia, Newfoundland and India, all of which are ready to be absorbed by us. Canada, he declares, has so good an opinion of herself that she probably will propose to annex the United States. The triumphant march of our trade, our methods and our ideas advances yearly over Europe. France soon will swing into line under the Stars and Stripes. Germany and Russia are being rapidly Americanized by trade. Italy and other small Powers will offer slight opposition to our conquering but peaceful march.

As for the East! Now Doctor Stead begins to see visions. Some day some Kurdish chief will swoop down upon an American missionary station, will outrage the women and kill the men. A smart newspaper man will write out the story. "On the day that story reaches the United States eighty millions of human beings will rise as one man and cry out: "Where is Dewey? To the Dardanelles with our great battleships! To the Dardanelles!"

In three weeks thereafter, Mr. Stead assures us, "the thunder of American guns will sound the knell of the Ottoman dynasty."

He sums up in several arguments—each triumphant as the blast of a trumpet—the traits which qualify us to be the rulers of the world: Our love of freedom, our public schools, our shrewdness in bargaining, our ability to laugh and make laugh, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mr. Stead's mode of reasoning is his own. He gives, in conclusion, to his readers the full text of the Declaration of Independence. "In this document," he adds solemnly, "is the epitaph of our Empire."

Certain books differing from this in subject but equally abnormal in pretension are now before the public. They are the autobiographies of eminent men long dead, written by persons now living who assume the right to speak for them, to set forth their secret thoughts to the public—in a word, to *be* them for all coming generations.

The best known of these attempts is The Autobiography of George Washington, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell (*The Century Company, New York*). Doctor Mitchell is a physician who has been successful in the treatment of nervous diseases in women. He also has written several pleasant novels treating of society in Philadelphia.

The other "autobiography" is that of Jesus Christ. The author has undertaken to speak for the Savior of the world, being apparently not satisfied with the force or literary quality of His utterances in the Gospels.

We leave our readers to judge of these books—without comment from us.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER—Mr. Shackleton was skilful in getting a flattering snapshot.

Mr. Robert Shackleton, the author of Many Waters, who has a second novel, The Great Adventurer, out this summer, is one of those who have come to letters with the steadfast purpose of a mature conviction rather than the first enthusiasm of a high enterprise. Admitted to the Ohio bar, and subsequently for some years in business, he gave up his position in Cleveland and took up conscientiously the drudgery of apprenticeship on a New York daily newspaper. The work was absorbing; he made a success of it, and it was five years before he broke away from the constant demands on his time, and two years more before the publication of Many Waters. In the mean time, however, there had been leisure for an occasional short story of the East Side, with which his newspaper assignments brought him into intimate contact, and these were gathered from the magazines and published in book form under the title of Toomey and Others.

In fact, Mr. Shackleton has found his experience in journalism most useful to him—directly, in the mass of quaint character detail and unusual incident he has found space for in his books; indirectly, in its broadening influence on his outlook on literature and life, and personally, in the fund of anecdote he has put by for the delight of his friends. He met, of course, many prominent men under circumstances which, with the unappreciated reserve of a good newspaper man, he did not allow to get into print. This honorable reticence of editors and reporters Mr. Shackleton insists on most emphatically. "If half the things known in Park Row ever got uptown!" he says, and lets his hearer draw the inference.

Now and again, though, he will, in private conversation, let slip some little personal detail full of amusement to his hearers. When President McKinley was on one of his visits to New York Mr. Shackleton got the assignment to "cover the story." He had with him his assistants, among others a photographer, and when the Presidential party took their way up the harbor the newspaper party followed in their chartered tug. The President shared the dislike of many public men to the indiscreet snapshot, and quickly detected the photographer the minute he took his position; but, not without experience of the ways of cameras, he smiled and held his ground when he realized that he stood with his face in a sharp shadow and his body in the bright, open-air sunlight. The face would show a blank, he well knew.

And so it did. The negative was perfect but for the face, and that was completely lost. But they are resourceful in newspaper offices. Such a good picture was not to be lost. The photographer hunted up a stock portrait of ten years back, made a transfer of the old features to the new shoulders, and when the paper was printed, there stood the President to the life!

Nobody was more astonished than the President himself when he saw it. It is only fair to add that he was more than half pleased at the likeness. Mrs. McKinley was frankly so.

The tactful Mr. Cortelyou, then Secretary to the President, was careful to let Mr. Shackleton know as much when he called.

"She said," he repeated, "it is the best portrait the President has had in years. Why, he looked ten years younger!"

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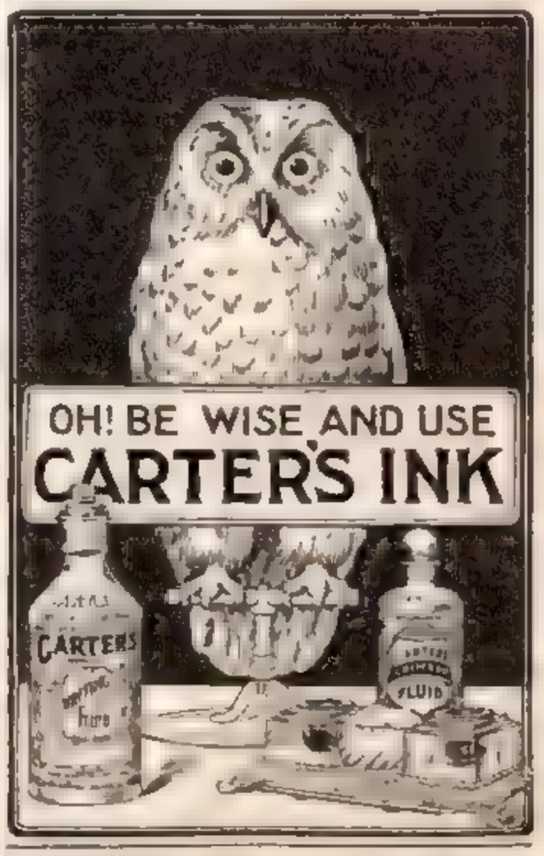

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An American in New York

By Opie Read

THE Colonel had made preparations to return home, had bought his sleeper ticket, had lost it, and this was as far as he had advanced toward his ultimate departure. In places where he was not likely to have dropped the bit of cardboard he made diligent search, and in searching he lost several bundles that he had bought to serve as a surprise and a delight at home. The worst city to lose things in he ever saw in all his life, he said; to San Francisco he had been a number of times but had never lost anything Some one humorously remarked that his recent losses were but a natural expense devolving upon a visit to New York, and to this he readily agreed. "I think that I'd better put on a yellow linen duster," said he, "have myself marked on the back, and go home by freight like a ham." He was passing through the Turkish room of the Stocks-Bonds Hotel as he made this observation, and a member of the company assembled therein, the widow, told him to put by his useless worry and to grant them the favor of his presence. He halted, forgot his ticket and his bundles, smiled at the widow, said that she did him proud, and sat down. The Doctor, who was also one of the company, remarked, "We missed you last night, Colonel," and the old gentleman replied, "And I might say, sir, that I missed myself I went to a grand opera."

"And did you enjoy it?" the widow inquired.

The Colonel cleared his throat. "I am afraid that if I should express my honest opinion some of you might think that I was finding fault," said he, and in a chorus they all of them cried out, "Oh, no." He thanked them, said far be it from him to find fault — he had in a casual manner picked out a few flaws in the false civilization of the town and of the time, but he hoped that no one would accuse him of finding fault; and then, as slowly and solemnly he rubbed his hands together as if he would warm out of them the memory of a chill, he added, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to remark that no man on the face of the earth loves music better than I do. As a supplement to this, permit me to add that I sometimes play the accordion, and would have doubtless added the violin but was afraid that possibly it might take up too much of my time. All during my life I have been a lover of music. Many years ago, in New Orleans, I met old Sandy Faulkner, author of the dialogue and the tune of the Arkansaw Traveler. Such was my devotion to music that I let my boat leave me, after I had purchased my ticket, and called at the hotel to see him. At that time he was thought to be one of America's greatest composers. Several other gentlemen were present, and we asked him to play his favorite tune. That is the way to honor a composer, I believe; and he played for us a most ringing jig, and it was music. I could see the moon on the hill, while down in the valley the dogs wallowed a coon — a raccoon, madam. With his fiddle he brought out the verdure of the forest, the buds and then the leaves; and, chilling his air, he nipped them all with a frost, and the woods were bare. He made the creek babble or he froze it up; in short, he was the master of conditions and of seasons while his fiddle was beneath his chin.

"But last night it was different. Sir, I had gone expecting to be transported. I expected that the stars from abroad would lift me up to their planetary zone, but I may say that they didn't. I was not only disappointed but amazedly so. Now, art is art because it must remind us pleasantly of something that does, or at least could, exist in nature. But could any one conceive that two men, wrought up in anger to the point of cutting each other's throats could you see how they could halt to wring and twist and bellow their quarrel before they act? Would any semblance of natural passion, seeking to impart to an adversary that he was a liar, strut away from him, gasp, wheel around, kick his dangling sword out of his way, sneeze, blow his angered nose, and catching the eye of a fellow whose business it was to make motions with a short stick, call his enemy a h li li-ho-ho-er-liar. That's absurd, and I may say that there's no music in it. Now, wait; I know it's difficult and all that sort of thing, but difficulty isn't music. The pipes of Pan never sound as if they are half stopped up. Pure and soothing are the gifts of the gods, and to uplift us every art must be of a nature not to entangle but to inspire. Art for art's sake may with the sweat of cold difficulty charm the student who has found and is finding that art so hard, but does it touch the real soul? Give me a frosty night and a pack of hounds. That is the music most inherent in the Anglo-Saxon's breast"

"But, Colonel, the Anglo-Saxon is not noted as a lover of the highest form of music," said the widow.

"Well — er," he hemmed, "not of the highest form of howling or of the deepest degree of bellowing. I would much rather be sung to sleep than shouted into antagonism, for in one music has exercised a true province, while in the other it has departed wholly from the road and gone wild-haired through the woods. Occasionally, last night, there was an oasis of melody, a patch of ripening wheat, yellow and rich in the midst of a great drought, but for the most part I was harrowed, and it seemed that there was almost constantly a dust in the air."

"Now I understand," said the Doctor, "why opera companies don't do any better in the West." The old gentleman smiled "They do about as well as that one did last night. Without any particular trouble I could have counted all of the people in the house. This was a surprise, and I made inquiry, sir, to learn that it was because there were not likely to be present any of the great leaders of society. So, after all, they go more for the purpose of seeing than of hearing. That doesn't bespeak for the cultivated taste of New York a very high appreciation of music. But, sir, and madam, and the rest of you, ladies and gentlemen, I am here to affirm"—and he looked like a member of an old-time legislature—"and to affirm without the fear of successful contradiction, ahem, that music does not add to culture. Wait a moment," he protested, holding up his hand, "I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that I am lacking in taste, but in its constant play upon the emotions *only* it has discovered nothing and therefore has not advanced the world; and educated emotion does not mean enlightenment. In emotion there is no thought other than that which bears upon itself. Emotion is its own reward. And I beg your pardon, but as long as music is music it is sensuous. When it strives to be intellectual it is nothing and appeals to nothing. When you reach the symphony you have arrived at the rheumatism of musical art, the bigoted decay."

"Why, Colonel," cried the widow, "I am astonished at you. The symphony is a poem."

"Ah, and, madam, written in a language that no one can properly translate. Now, I wonder what I could have done with that sleeper ticket. There is too much pretense in it. You've got to work yourself up to a supposed understanding of it. If it were a poem or a real art it would mean practically the same to all of its votaries. But it doesn't. They tell you of the theme. A villain has murdered a girl, princess or peasant, one or the other — for in art there must be no middle class — and is telling himself about it. And when this has been given out by the man who is accepted as the one who knows, all accept his explanation. They hear the shrieks of the girl, the bark of the watchdog on the hill, and they listen with sweet shudders to the regret of the murderer. But before I was told what it meant I thought that I heard a saw striking an occasional knot. The fact is, that sort of music isn't American."

"It is not My Poor Nellie Gray, They Have Taken You Away, at any rate," said the widow. "And as for that matter, all art is *un*-American."

"Madam, that is where you do my country an injustice. We are not the originators of some of the exotics of art, but you would have to search a long time and go back into the classic past before you could find an oratory brought to a higher degree of perfection than that which once flourished in this country You may tell me that it is dead, and I shall answer by saying that it is dying, discouraged by the fact that it died abroad and that here we imitate Europe to the extent of depressing our own arts when theirs die. And no art can be great that wholly depends upon the teacher and not upon inspiration. I well recall an old fellow who came down to the Arkansas Legislature. He lived fifty miles from a railroad and was elected because the people thought he was honest. As is usual with all backwoods communities, the people of his section fancied that the capital city had no other aim in life than to grind down or wholly ignore the rural neighborhood. So they said to him, 'Uncle Bill, you are old enough to know the world. Go down there and keep them scoundrels in line.' He was old enough to know the world, but he had read no book and had never been out of the county. But that made no difference, for to the simple-minded mere age means wisdom. He said, 'Boys, let me get at 'em,' and he took his shoes in his hand, walked to the railroad, sat down on a log, put them on, and waited till the train came along. There was a great commotion when he arrived at the capital, but soon he discovered that he was not the cause of it. No attention was paid to him other than to any other obscure member, and day after day he sat at his desk, saying nothing. One day, some one who had heard of him, of his little cabin on the hillside and his primitive life, asked him how he was getting along, and in a confused way, passing his hand over his face, he said, 'Why, my son, I'm just a drawin' of my per diem and a fallin' back, that's all' And that was all; so, day after day, he continued thus to sit there, never so much as getting in a motion to adjourn, while out in his settlement the voters sat about the store and discussed him, their endeared disappointment

"But one day while the old man sat at his desk, dreaming, there came in a railroad bill that did directly interest his county, and without enough of parliamentary procedure to say 'Mr. Speaker,' he cried out, 'Hold on there a minute.' And then he arose slowly and he stood bent, for the most of his life had been given to the back-breaking work of setting out tobacco plants. But gradually he began to straighten and to talk, hesitatingly at first as if he were fumbling for his words, and he reminded me of a farmer sorting out his seed potatoes, selecting and rejecting; but after a time he forgot to fumble, and words in a graceful and impressive torrent came pouring upon his mind, words that doubtless he had never heard before, but they came by inspiration and were in the right place. His eyes blazed and from his fingers he seemed to pop off serpents of fire, and everybody looked on amazed, the Speaker and the rest, leaning toward him. It was as if the spirit of one of the ancient orators had returned to the earth to sport with common mortals, but the spirit was impatient to be off again, for the fire died out of his eyes, leaving cold ashes in them, and he humped over and sat down again. But the bill was dead. There, ladies and gentlemen, was something above all art. It was inspiration"

"Yes," said the widow, "but we can't all of us be inspired, and, besides, we aren't in a position to kill bills. And those of us who can't be inspired must resort to the arts that the commonplace may learn." And when thus she spoke there was in her voice a pathetic note, the Colonel thought, and feeling that he had overpowered her he bowed and replied, "Ah, my dear madam, but some women are always inspirations, poems, odes and sonnets, and surely you have need to be thankful to Nature, no matter what cultivation may have done for you," and she gave to him a smile that was a full reward, and in his mind he was searching for a compliment when some one, passing through the room, caused him to scramble out of his chair; and grasping a man by the hand, he cried with the mellowness of a bass-noted foxhound, "Why, my dear Judge, how are you? Ladies and gentlemen, this is my friend, the Judge, from Idaho. Sit right down. You don't know how delighted I am to see you, and, ah, you come like a season of old, full of recollection. Remember when we had that hunting club down in Mississippi? We had a long dog, and we used him for a pillow at night when we slept with our feet to the fire Recollect?"

The Judge recollected, and they shook each other's hands and mused over those happy times. "And I remember," said the Colonel, "that one night, while we were sleeping

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Read's papers.

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Booklet of "Frozen Sweets" by Mrs. Rorer free.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

peacefully, Bob Logan—you know he had complained that the dog would have to be lengthened or the club reduced—wanted to trade him off for a dachshund—Bob, he was snoring, you may well believe, when the dog, who must have been dreaming, began to scratch, and Bob cried out, 'Whoa, there! Hold on, boys, my horse has flung me in a brier patch.' Ah, there couldn't have been happier days. And do you remember when we elected you police justice in Memphis? The votes were counted by a stuttering man and we got you in, and, as I remember it, your first case was that of an old negro preacher known as Slue-Footed Dan. It appears that his congregation had raised money and had given it to him to expend in the purchase of hymn-books; and as soon as he got off the train in Memphis a yellow darky made a break for him, recognizing him as the proper meat, took him behind a cotton shed, shot a few craps with him, and got his money. Dan went home penitent, confessed to his people, was forgiven, fitted out again and sent back to get the books; and as soon as he got off the train the same yellow fellow came after him. Dan carried a long green umbrella shut up and tied with a shoestring, and when the crapshooter came within reach Dan hauled off and with the umbrella knocked him down—nearly killed him; and, as the police were taking the preacher up to the station, I asked him how he had managed to strike such a blow with an umbrella. A grin spread over his face as he replied, 'Dar's a stove leg shet up in dat umbrella, honey.' And how is your good wife, Judge?"

"The one you knew, Colonel, has passed away."

"Oh, indeed. Well, how is she, anyway: it doesn't make any difference which one. In politics, as some of your others were?"

"Well, not at present. Some of the ladies thought of sending her to the Legislature, but changed their minds, not only characteristic of female but of male politics as well. Have you been here long enough, Colonel, to form an estimate of these claims?"

"Judge, I have been here long enough to ——"

"To find fault with everything," said the Doctor. "We didn't know that we were so frail until the Colonel came and told us. But we are inclined to believe that New York has profited by his visit."

"Richer by many a necessary tip, sir. Judge, if you haven't already done so, find that English flunkey, give all you've got, and ask him to let you remain in his town for a brief season. You have doubtless inferred in your ignorance that the Mayor is in some little authority here, but it is a mistake. He is a mere sufferance. All of the perquisites belong to the waiter. If you cannot elicit an approving nod from him go home. He thinks that this is a British colony, sir, and he's not half-way wrong. . . . By George, here's that ticket," he cried out, "and I still have time to catch the train. Good-by."

THE TIN DISKERS

(Continued from Page 3)

whom my aunt sat on in the dark, mistaking him for a mound. He was a horrid fellow—the kind of American you avoid at home and are ashamed of abroad, who is always talking about money through his nose. But Aunt Theo and he chummed up tremendously, and it made me perfectly disgusted when she added him to her party. I suppose it was a natural arrangement for them to combine forces, considering they were both looking for the same treasure—but I didn't like it a little bit. He was very forward and familiar, and tried to make up to me; and, of course, castaways in midocean couldn't have been thrown more together than we four, and it was hard to maintain any distance, being turned out of the same lodgings day after day, and digging side by side all night.

My aunt and Doctor Coffin wrangled incessantly, and often were hardly on speaking terms. There was a freakish streak in the creature, and he took pleasure in tormenting her, while she got even by an unsparing criticism of his manners and personal appearance. When he was hard-pressed for a retort I have seen him go to the window and draw a wet finger across the glass, eying her with bad-boy delight as she'd scream to him to stop. Once, when she had insulted him beyond the limits of endurance, and any other man in the world would have got up and quit, he pulled the tablecloth off the table, together with all our breakfast, and the two made up amongst the ruins, beginning a fresh quarrel on top of their reconciliation by arguing who was to pay for the damage! The truth was, they found a queer entertainment in teasing each other, and more than half enjoyed their own squabbles. They were like prize-fighters practicing, and were always surprised when the other fellow got hurt.

In all about the tin disk, however, they were as agreed as two love-birds in a nest. This was the real bond between them, and they read and reread Godfrey's Peril together till the leaves dropped out, and were almost respectful to each other about anything concerning the treasure. All differences ceased the moment this sacred topic was under discussion, and they would give way to each other with a sweet reasonableness that was simply astounding. I think it was awful of my aunt to take a perfect stranger like Doctor Coffin to live with us, especially as he invariably called me by my first name, and didn't know enough even to take a snub. Not that I dared go too far in this direction, lest he pull off the tablecloth or show his displeasure in some other unconventional manner. He was more like the hatter in Alice in Wonderland than a real, live person, and I used to call him that to his face, till the name stuck and my aunt took it up, too. But, all the same, I couldn't but feel lowered and cheapened to have him thrust on me like that; and when he found out that my father was Henry Webb Lawrence, and president of a trust, I became to him a sort of secondary tin disk, and I could see he was turning it over in his horrid little mind that it might be a good idea to propose. I should have stamped on him more than I did, aunt or no aunt, had it not been for the obvious advantage of having a man along in our all-night adventures. He was certainly a spunky little fellow, and once punched a man twice as big as he was for jumping our hole, and banged him over the head, extra, with the nickel-plated lantern.

It was an extraordinary life for a girl to lead, especially a shrinking kind of girl like me, home-loving and domestic. We never managed to stick in the same lodgings for more than thirty-six hours; and my nights were passed mostly asleep on sidewalks or in villa gardens, while my untiring aunt and the indomitable hatter dug, and delved, and prodded, and searched under the burglarish rays of a lantern. In the beginning I had taken a faint interest in the proceedings; but as night after night passed in the same tedious round, my principal concern boiled down to making myself comfortable and getting all the sleep I could. I hadn't a spark of treasure-hunting instinct in me, and wouldn't have dirtied my hands for twenty disks; though, of course, I should have been overjoyed if somebody had found it, so that the whole crazy, dreary, exasperating business might have come to an end.

One night, as I tagged after them, as usual, yawning my head off and hoping we'd find a grassy place, Doctor Coffin led us an interminable distance to a park wall. Here, at a place marked with red chalk (like Ali Baba and the forty thieves), he calmly gave the word for us to scramble over. It was an awful wall, higher than my head, with a generous supply of broken glass let into the top; and it cost us all our dignity and some skin to lower ourselves in safety to the other side. If it hadn't been pitchy dark I guess I should have rebelled, though the cruel thing was, they wouldn't have cared if I had, and would probably have abandoned me without a qualm. So we all got over somehow, and struck into a sort of gentleman's park toward a great, dark, Queen Anne house on a knoll. We stopped in a little hollow, and, after the usual animated discussion, and the inevitable prowling and pacing with a tape-line, my aunt and Doctor Coffin unpacked their little diggers and got down to work. I could but feel a good deal hemmed in by those park walls, and my heart fell at the thought of perhaps having to get over them again in a hurry. We had never invaded private parks before, and, as a rule, there was a good retreat in the event of having to make a run for it. But here we were next to helpless, and I was so nervous and apprehensive that for once I couldn't go to sleep, but leaned back against a tree and quaked all the way down to my shoes. Aunt Theo and Doctor Coffin had grown reckless from their long immunity; and on this occasion they were so cock-a-whoop that they had

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struck the right place at last that they threw caution to the winds and talked and laughed out loud.

I was just dozing off when I heard a sudden crackle of bushes, a stifled scream from Aunt Theo, and then a man came pouncing on us with a blood-curdling yell of "Now I've got you!" I sprang to my feet, and, in my sleepiness and bewilderment, ran right into him, while the others scurried away like rabbits into the darkness. He caught me by the arm and we had a kind of tussle, ending in his dragging me up to a tree and taking a look at me by the lantern Spinner had dropped in her flight. Incidentally, I took a look at him—a tall, thin man with one arm in a sling, and the savagest expression I ever saw on a human countenance. He snarled out all kinds of opprobrious remarks about "vandals" and "cads," and what was the world coming to when even girls would dig up other people's property for tin disks, holding me all the while in a grasp like iron, and giving me little shakes to emphasize his insults.

"You shall smart for this to-morrow," he said. "Girl or no girl, I'll have you summoned for malicious trespass, and then we'll see how you like *that!*" He was perfectly fiendish when he said *that*, as though I'd be torn to pieces by wild horses, or branded, or something awful; and he dragged me toward the house, my knees giving way under me from terror. We entered the front door in the dark, and then he lit the gas and locked it. Then he made me go into a sort of library-room and sit down, while he lay back on a horsehair sofa and began to groan. It seemed a strange thing to do, but I just let him groan and groan, while I furtively took stock of him. I was relieved to see he was evidently a gentleman, and not a groom or a footman, as I had first feared. He was deadly pale and was trembling.

"You may have cost me my arm," he said vindictively, nursing it against his cheek as though it ached like anything.

I couldn't help asking him what was the matter with his arm. It seemed the polite thing to do.

"A wound," he said curtly. "The war. Fighting for my country, while people like you were digging up tin disks and working out missing-word competitions." Then he groaned out some more that sounded like: "Oh, England, England!"

"I hope I didn't hurt it," I said.

"You nearly pulled it off," he returned. "Whew!"

"I'm awfully sorry," I said.

"You'll be sorrier to-morrow," he retorted sarcastically. "You make the fifth I've run in this week, and the magistrate promised me from the bench that he'd send the next lot to jail!

"Jail!" he repeated, as though, perhaps, it hadn't stung in enough the first time.

I looked so appalled that it seemed to make him quite happy. If I had thought I had half a chance I should have bleated for mercy; but his gray eyes were as cold as ice, and I could see he was just gloating over me like a Red Indian with a scalp.

"You'll be whimpering in the dock to-morrow," he observed, piling it on.

I had never had a man rude to me in my whole life before (except street-car conductors and Doctor Coffin), and the sensation was keenly disagreeable. Looking back on it I wonder I was as calm as I was. I suppose it was just desperation, like people in the French Revolution being guillotined without a murmur. All the circumstances were enough to frighten one out of one's seven wits—to be the prisoner of a brutal Englishman at three o'clock in the morning, and in a dark and murderous-looking library! It was more like a cheap melodrama than anything real, and, except for not saying, "Ha! Ha!" my captor would have done nicely for a stage villain. At any rate, he just sat and waited for me to squirm, and seemed disappointed I didn't scream or fall on my knees. I wouldn't have given him that satisfaction for anything; and the more angry and sullen and ill-used *he* looked, the more angry and sullen and ill-used *I* looked. It was a kind of duel on both sides, and, after a few more taunts and some groans, he got up and went away, locking the door behind him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HURRICANE ISLAND

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"Save at night," said I.

He was silent. "Hang it, what does any blighter want to steal it for?" he demanded in perplexity.

"Well, we know what's in the strong-room," I said.

"Yes—but——" There was a sound.

"To your door," said I. "Quick, man."

Lane sped along the corridor to his station, and just as he reached it a door opened and Princess Alix emerged. She hesitated for a moment and then came toward me. She came to a pause near me.

"I could not sleep, and it is early yet," she said. "Are you expecting danger?"

"We have always to act as if we were," I said evasively.

"Why has this man never made any attempt to get the safes?" she asked next.

"I wish I knew," I replied.

The Princess uttered a little sigh, and, turning, began to walk to and fro.

"It is sometimes difficult to keep one's feet when the floor is at this angle," she remarked as she drew near to me; and then she paced again into the distance. She was nervous and distressed, I could see, though her face had not betrayed the fact. Yet how was I to comfort her? We were all on edge. Once again she paused near me.

"What are our chances?"

"They are hopeful," said I as cheerfully as I might.

"Ah, tell me the truth," she cried with agitation.

"Madam, I have said what is exactly true," I replied gravely. "I have spoken of chances."

"And if we lose?" she asked after a pause.

Her eyes encountered mine fully. "I have no information," I said slowly, "and very little material to go on in guessing. But I hope we shall not lose," I added.

"This can't go on forever, Doctor Phillimore," she said with a little catch in her voice. "It has gone on so long."

My heart bled for her. She had been so courageous; she had shown such fortitude, such resistance, such common-sense, this beautiful, proud woman.

"It can't go on much longer," I said, again gravely. "It will come to its own conclusion presently."

"Ah, but what conclusion?" she cried. "Who knows? Who knows?"

The sight of her agitation, of that splendid woman nigh to tears, thrilled me to the marrow with a storm of compassion, and something more. I was carried out of myself.

"God be witness," I cried, "that while I live you shall be safe from any harm. God be my witness for that!"

She uttered a tiny sob, and put out her hand impulsively.

"You are good," she said brokenly. "I am a coward to give way. But I was alone. I have brooded over it all. And Frederic —— Thank you, oh, thank you. To have said so much perhaps has helped me. Oh, we shall all live—live to talk of these days with shudders and thankfulness to God. You are right to call God to witness. He is our witness now. He looks down on us both, and He will help us. I will pray to Him this night, as I have prayed three times a day."

As she finished the two electric lights in the corridor went out, leaving us in pitch darkness. I felt the Princess shudder.

"Be brave," I whispered. "Oh, be brave. You have called to God. He will hear you."

I put my ear to the door, still holding her, and listened. Through the noises of the sea I could make out other and alien sounds. "They come. You must go."

"Let me stay," she murmured breathlessly.

"No, no; go," I said. "Your place is in your cabin just now. Remember, I know where it is and I can find you."

"Yes, find me," she panted. "Please find me. See, I have this." She put the butt of a revolver into my hand.

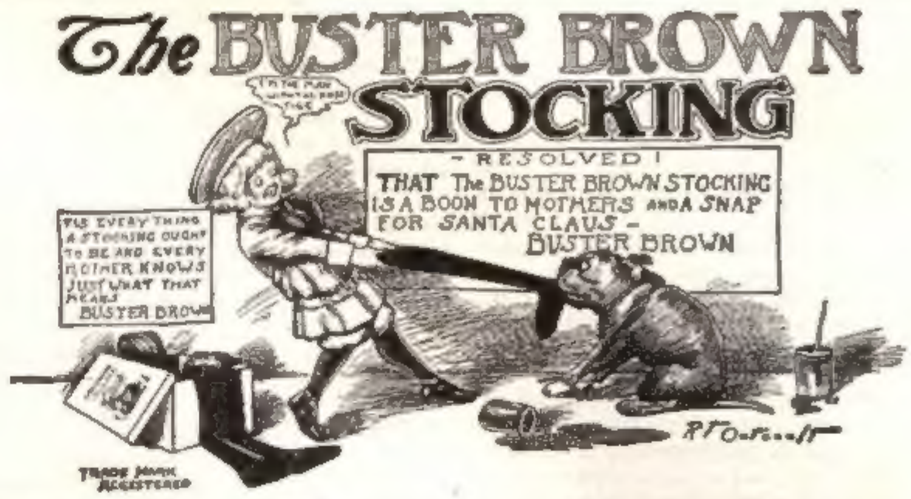
I raised her hand to my lips and she melted away. I turned to the door.

"Lane!" I called. "Lane!"

His voice sailed back to me. "What's gone wrong with the lights?"

"They're coming," I said. "Look to your door," and even as I spoke a bar crashed upon mine from without.

(TO BE CONTINUED)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THE BUNGALOW

(Concluded from Page 7)

It generally happens that some time during a bicycle trip—just when one's soul is parched and yellow like the desert of Sahara—there comes a period of false activity—a sort of second wind. About four this fallacious season struck us both. We plucked up courage to wash our faces at a little stream. We also paused at a small grocer's shop and drank something he genially referred to as "sas'prilly"—something he assured us was not in the nature of strong drink. It was not.

Now that Henderson's bungalow was so near—the grocer and his clerk between them argued out the distance with some heat, and finally split the difference on four miles—we saw things in a better light. We began to talk with childish faith and confidence.

"Oh, a bath in his big, white marble bathroom," said Anne with kindling enthusiasm.

"Rather!—and a long, tall, clinky drink on the veranda—in a low chair," said I.

"Um—m, yes, and I'll have an Apollinaris lemonade! And the bedrooms! Great, cool, low rooms! Mrs. Henderson will lend me some things, won't she?"

"Sure; and I'll borrow some white clothes of Henderson."

"Oh, let's hurry on—I can hardly wait. Oh, that good dinner!"

"And a pipe after it on the piazza!"

"And the smell of the ocean!"

"And the sail to-morrow!"

"Thank goodness for Henderson and his bungalow!"

At the close of the endless, blistering day, after coming, at a conservative estimate, a million miles, we rolled stickily, on the villainous hired bicycles, into Henderson's town, feeling like that chap in Pilgrim's Progress who couldn't be dissuaded ultimately from the Celestial City.

The last few miles had been torturing—they always are on wheels. It was like rolling a tennis court to get the bicycles through the sandy beach roads. We were grimy, moisty, unkempt, repellant—yet credulously happy. At the end of a wide, placid street there were maddening glimpses of cool, blue water; exclusive and expensive breezes (evidently owned and operated by millionaires) played with refinement about the splendid and artificial lawns of the cottages—palaces, more like. But the breezes never touched us. The prettiest girls you ever saw, in the prettiest white gowns, walked in pairs or drove bareheaded, in jingly traps, with nice, tanned, bareheaded young fellows—equally available to flirt with or to marry.

I looked eagerly for Henderson.

When I asked them—I had to ask some one—about Henderson and his bungalow they listened with vague courtesy and replied in kind: they didn't know—Henderson, was it?—and his bungalow. Which, somehow, covered us with criminal shame and made our clothes feel as if they had been lent us by a missionary.

I took to asking butchers' boys and little grocers' boys later. Then some one—an old ruffian who tried, in passing, to sell me "short" lobsters—said there was a Henderson who lived down the beach in Fish Town.

Fish Town, we subsequently discovered, was very much the kind of settlement that would be likely to wear so agreeable a name. It consisted of a pudding of fishy sand, salt marsh and smelly ocean, in which some fifty structures (of the bird-house variety) were spattered about not unlike shrunken, mean little currants. The smaller and meaner the building the larger and more romantic its name; for they all were named with names painted on their wretched, dissipated faces, or cut out in fretwork on the pale blue and pink jig-saw edging and insertion that disported about their porches. Sea Gull, The Vista, Ocean Wave, The Bell Buoy, Sea Rest—I noted these as extremely popular appellations.

Our hearts sank. In practice I hate the Simple Life without a bathroom, and vichy bottles, and a real bed; though whenever I pick up a book that deals with the topic I grow enthusiastically serious over it and explain to Anne how far from the Universal Heart of Man we are, how the shallow existence we are pursuing palls on my naturally great, noble and unworldly soul. And Anne—sympathetic one—remarks with uncertain conviction: "Um, yes, dear. I suppose, really, we ought to go in more for charity. . . . Oh, wouldn't it be jolly if we could get a cottage at Bar Harbor this summer!"

But about the bungalow.

I didn't dare face Anne. She had not spoken a word since we struck Fish Town.

We paused drearily before the smallest house in the collection, a child's Noah's Ark, chastely entitled Bellevue, on the front of which tottered a little shelf—the porch—just large enough to hold a rocker, a pail of water (in which one dabbled one's feet to remove sand after bathing), and a man in a five days' red beard and a pink-and-green outing-flannel shirt.

"Can you tell——" I began wearily to the man.

"Well, well," I got back in that luminous cordiality of the liar, "what you doing in these parts, old man?"

"By Jove—if it isn't Henderson," I returned affably, keyed to sudden resolve. "Why, how?—well, of course! My goodness, I ought to have remembered that you had a little shack down here somewhere. And this is your place—well, well! . . . Henderson, let me present my wife—she's heard a lot about you, *and your place*."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Anne gamely, in the bright-eyed tone of a rich lady visiting the slums. Anne is bully at such times, I'm bound to say. "Yes, indeed—how—ah—cozy it is—to be sure, your *place*."

Henderson blushed. He should have—the beggar—and stammered something about his own wife.

"It's awfully convenient to—to the ocean, isn't it?" I continued warmly. "Bet you could throw a clamshell right into it from your porch. After all, there isn't anything like having a little place of one's own, is there? Gracious, it's this kind of thing that makes me wish I could settle right down here for a week."

Henderson looked worried and suspicious.

"Nice neighbors?" I waved my hands at The Sea Shell and The Dreamer.

"Very." Henderson was cautious. "Simple folk and refined," he answered with dignity.

In the ensuing moment of nervous silence there floated out on the clammy air—from The Seashell:

"You better git out an' git them lobster for supper, you great, lazy thing, or there won't be nothin' doing in the eat business in this shanty to-night."

"I—I reckon we'd better go on," I murmured hastily. "We must get back to our hotel before it's dark, you know."

I said this, I believe, with elegance and the ring of truth. But it seemed an age before Anne came in to back me up, bless her aching legs.

"Oh, yes, dear, we really *must* hurry on—you know they dine rather early at the hotel." I gave her a grateful glance, which she answered with a feeble smile.

"Better stay to supper," lamely offered Henderson.

"No," said I firmly. "No, old man, it's been mighty nice to see you so unexpectedly this way. It makes a chap feel——"

"The world *is* a small place," Henderson finished politely.

"What a wonderful thing the sea is," said Anne, not to be outdone. "Good-by. I'm awfully glad to have seen your bungalow, Mr. Henderson."

Henderson shifted his feet nervously.

"Well, good-by, Henderson. Glad to have—Bellevue, eh? Nice little name, isn't it, Anne?—sorry your wife——"

"Yes, indeed, so sorry your wife——" Anne babbled.

"Yes, she'll be sorry, too; she's——"

"Awfully sorry not to——" said I effusively.

"*It's a boy*," Henderson muttered embarrassedly.

"Oh!" we gasped.

We left him alone in the simple, refined, clam-bestrewn desert of "summer homes." In the growing twilight the chill sea moisture settled on our hands and heart and the villainous hired bicycles. The dead odor of deader fish oozed from the sand. We were very depressed.

In the distance we made out Henderson refilling the pail in which to dabble his feet after bathing. I cursed him.

"*Bungalow!*" said I hotly. "*Liar!*"

Anne looked at me compassionately for a long moment. She murmured something under her breath. I don't know what it was.

It began to rain—great, hot, heavy, spattering drops. We pushed the hired bicycles miserably through the clogging sand.

"Where *is* the hotel?" muttered Anne.

"I don't know—how should I?" said I dully.

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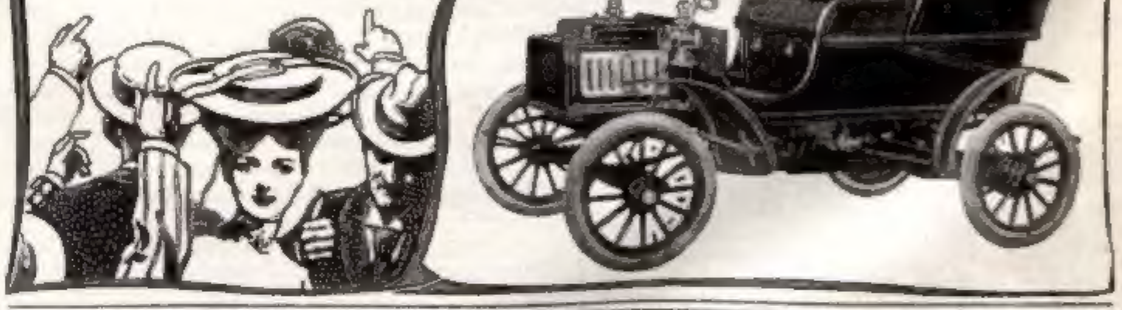

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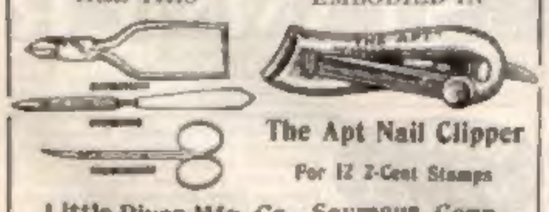

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"Her Infinite Variety"

(Concluded from Page 5)

They came out on the highway and started on a canter. Then—neither of them could tell how it happened—they both realized suddenly that the horse was beyond her control. Marjorie Apthorp was not a nervous woman, and she knew a little about horses—enough to tell her that she could make no impression on this one now. Morton, fearing another rebuff, let his horse out into a full run and gradually pulled up on her.

"Can you hold him?" he called.

There was no answer. She leaned far back and pulled with all her strength—without effect. Then Peter took the risk. He jabbed the spurs into his horse, gradually came alongside the other, and, leaning forward, caught the reins, and added all his strength to hers as they rushed along the country road.

"It's no use," cried Morton; "he's crazy. Are you afraid?"

"No," gasped the girl.

"Then do just what I say." She nodded. "Get your knees clear of the pommel and let go when I yell."

He grasped her round the waist and cried, "Now!" She let herself be dragged out of the saddle. "Let go! Let go!" cried Morton, for she still clutched the reins.

And then in a moment he had pulled up and let her sink to the ground in a rather limp condition.

"Are you all right?" he asked presently as she sat by the roadside.

"Yes—I think so—how dreadful!"

"Never mind, if you're not hurt!"

"Why should he run? Why *should* he?" she asked in a bewildered tone.

"Heaven knows! but he did."

"What will Jim and Lucy say? It's their horse, and he's lost."

"Not a bit of it. I'll go and get him presently. Somebody'll stop him."

"If only they need never know."

Morton hesitated a moment.

"Would you wait here a few minutes while I——"

"Yes, do, please. We could lead him home, and they won't know. Lucy would be frightened to death."

It was only a few moments when he rode back mounted on the runaway and with her saddle on his horse. She was not by the roadside, and he had nearly passed the spot when he discovered her stretched upon the leaves just off the road with her face hidden in her hands.

In a moment he had dismounted and was lifting her.

"It's nothing, nothing!" she said presently, wiping her eyes.

"Nothing! Why, you're all unstrung."

"No, I'm not. Come, we will walk home." Then she saw the changed saddles. "You mustn't ride him!"

"I've just ridden him a quarter of a mile, and it's some distance to the house. Are you up to mounting the other?" She turned to him a moment, and hesitated. "It'll take some nerve, I know, but——"

"I'm ready," said the girl, and without a word he lifted her into the saddle, and they walked the horses three miles to the Braveurs.

"Please go right to the stable," she begged.

As they walked slowly back to the house he turned to her and said:

"Miss Apthorp, you're splendid! Splendid! You've got more good nerve than I ever saw in any woman, or most men, for that matter——" But she only ran up the steps and through the hall. As she went upstairs she heard Braveur ask some question, and Morton reply:

"No; Miss Apthorp said she would go up at once and dress before tea."

In a few minutes there came a knock. She got off the bed where she had thrown herself, and opened the door a little. There stood Morton with a glass in his hand.

"Drink this—all of it—at once. Will you, sure?"

She took it, nodded, and closed the door.

VI

WHEN she came down to dinner Morton was standing in the hall. He turned toward her and caught a look he had not seen in her face before. Then they went in to dinner. Afterward they were to go over to a dance at the club. On the way across the lawn he asked in a low voice:

"All right?"

"Yes."

"Hadn't you better go to bed?"

"No. I'm quite right now—but——"

"Can I do anything?"

"No, I—I——"

"What is it?"

"I—you saved me from a—a bad——"

"Never mind that. Come and sit here. We won't go in just now." And they went to the end of the long piazza.

There was no sound for a time but the wheezing of the summer insects. Yet Miss Apthorp seemed to have something on her mind. Suddenly, without turning toward him, she said:

"I think I'm going to apologize."

"Don't," laughed he nervously. "It would keel me over."

"But I ought to."

"Because the beast got crazy?"

"Oh, no."

"Why, then?"

"Because I've been thinking the last few days——"

"Never think," murmured Peter.

"——About my—about the stage." She was looking out into the darkness and speaking very softly.

"Don't, please!" begged the man in quite a different tone.

"I must. I think I was angry at myself for—for not telling you at once when you came here——"

"Look here," said Peter abruptly. "I can't stand this. It's all right, if you'll only not lay it up against me——"

"But I don't."

"I mean if you can forget my taking you—that is, my saying what I did."

"But, don't you see, I was angry at myself."

"Then you're not really mad at me?"

"No-o."

"And you don't lay it up?"

"No-o."

"And—and I can—that is, it's all right?"

"Yes."

"And we're friends?"

"Yes, if you're willing."

"Well, I'm *not!*"

She whirled round on him, anger ready to blaze forth again; then her eyes fell.

"Did you hear?" he asked gently as he stood over her.

"Yes," in a low voice.

"Did you understand?"

No answer.

"*Did* you?"

"I won't—I don't know——"

"Look at me and tell me if you understand."

She turned her face up to him with eyes that glistened a little. She could not speak, and so she nodded her head.

"Is it all right, then?"

Still looking into his eyes, she nodded again.

"No friendship?"

The head moved slowly from side to side, and a little smile crept into the corners of her mouth.

"And you'll never be unhappy again?"

For answer she put her hand in his.

"Not even if we have a servant named Maggie?"

"Don't you ever mention that again, Peter Morton!"

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Ma wee bit scheme sae weel;
Ma foi! Ze poem dialect
I write ze fame to feel.

Dot Virgil undt dot Homer vill
Die oudt alretty yet;
Shake, pard! When I butt in you'll see
The herd stampede, you bet!

Oi'll sill tin million copies, shure:
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En when Ah gits mah glory crown
Ah ain' gwine wuck no mo'.

Me velly glad, me gitee lich,
Gleat 'Melican to be.
Soy, cully! dis makes ulder blokes
Look bughouse. Cheese it, see?

And now, to end this masterpiece,
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